JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 18, 1939.
VOL. LXVI. 1744

LAST WEEKS of XMAS HAMPERS

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

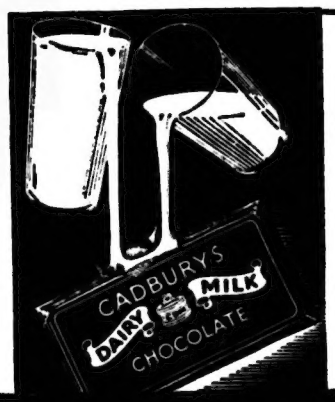
REMEMBER— THIS CHOCOLATE IS A FOOD

ONE 4 oz. block of Cadbury's gives you enough energy to walk 8 miles

HOUSEWIVES! One of the easiest foods to store in a small space is Cadbury's delicious Milk Chocolate. It is one of the most *concentrated* foods known—arctic expeditions regularly carry Cadbury's for its high concentrated food value. ONE 4 oz. BLOCK ALONE can give you enough energy to walk eight miles!

FOOD YOU CAN CARRY — FOOD THAT KEEPS

For quick meals you can carry anywhere, eat at any time, lay in a good stock of Cadbury's right away. In a cool, dry place it will keep for a long period. Do not delay—get your Cadbury's *to-day*.



There's a glass-and-a-half of fresh, full-cream milk in every ½ lb block of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. It's the world's most delicious way of giving yourself quick energy.

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

. . . 'feeds you on your feet'

JOHN BULL'S

Great Xmas Gift to You

HERE is the Gift sensation of the year! "John Bull" presents you with two Free Xmas Gift Vouchers, one value 2/9, the other value 7/6, which "John Bull" will accept as cash in part payment for these magnificent all-British Writing Sets. Never before have such gifts been more welcome. On National Service, in Army, Navy, or Air Force, whoever it is, and wherever they are, these splendid Pen and Pencil sets are the ideal gifts.

ONE OR BOTH
-take your choice
Written 2-YEAR GUARANTEE with each SET
Just the thing for me
Written 5-YEAR GUARANTEE with each SET
-and for me

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 30th December, 1939.

No. A 29768

A FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The roto-chrome Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat SOLID GOLD nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 30th December, 1939.

No. B 29763

A FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The Pen has two inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD; a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has one inlaid band of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, foolproof propel-repel-expel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, eraser and extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Butterfly effect.

ALL BRITISH MADE!

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 8/- plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 8/3 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — (2) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME.....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
.....
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Write clearly in Block Letters. J.B.,18/11/39.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

LAST CHANCE!

MEN! Your womenfolk would give anything to have this wonderful book—show them this announcement to-day and avail themselves of this remarkable opportunity. Don't miss this! Post Form below at once.
JOHN BULL'S
Great new wartime
PRESENTATION
to every one of its readers

How every woman can knit hundreds of Woollen garments—700 How-To-Do-It Illustrations—Yours at an Amazing Privilege Price—Apply on Form Below!

OVER 700 HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES

BELOW are just a few of the hundreds of woollen garments which this wonderful book shows you how to make yourself—easily and economically

SOCKS	CROCHET WORK
JUMPERS	PULLOVERS
VESTS	SCARVES
GLOVES	BOYS' PANTS
MEN'S PANTS	BABY'S MITTENS
BABY'S BONNETS	BABY'S VESTS
BABY'S PETTICOAT	ALL KINDS OF BABY CLOTHES
PRAM WRAP	A MATRON'S JUMPER
FAIR ISLE KNITTING	BED SOCKS
ZIPP GARMENTS	MITTENS
COLOURED KNITTING	SHAWLS
CUSHIONS	BLOUSES
STOCKINGS	SKIRTS
HATS	COATS
DRESSES	COLLARS
LADIES' WAISTCOAT	CHILD'S JERSEY
ROMPERS	PLEAT EFFECTS
KNICKERS	SWING-BACK COAT
COMBINATIONS	PETTICOAT GARMENTS
DRESSING JACKET	FOR YOUNG GIRLS
CARDIGANS	
WOOLLY TEA COSIES	

VALUABLE CHARTS AND DIAGRAMS ETC., ETC., ETC.,

SPECIAL! This week, in response to many requests, "John Bull" announces a further opportunity to secure its wonderful New Wartime Presentation—"THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME KNITTING"—the most complete and up-to-date knitting book ever to be published—320 pages—over 700 practical how-to-do-it illustrations—full at-a-glance instructions—hundreds of useful, lovely things every woman can knit or crochet herself. This work is entirely new—the first and only book of its kind in the world. A copy can be yours, provided you apply immediately, for the amazingly low privilege price of only 3/9, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. It's a case of "First come—First served." You send no money now. If you have not yet applied, HURRY! before it's too late! All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation! Post Form below to-day!

This will be the greatest knitting winter ever—Every woman and girl will be busy knitting woollen garments—socks—jumpers—scarves, etc., for relatives and friends who are serving at home and abroad!

This is the only work of its kind that provides you with illustrations of scores and scores of attractive designs suitable for every type of knitted garment, together with full instructions on how to model or adjust any particular style PERFECTLY to your own figure or the figure of others.

Actual size of volume: 10 in. deep by 7½ in. wide.

For the Standard Edition, bound in woven crash cloth, embossed on the spine and front you send after you have received your Invoice, only 3/9, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

FOR THE DE LUXE EDITION, bound in fadeless Sunlour Cloth embossed on the spine and front, you send, after you have received your Invoice, only 4/9, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW Fill in the Reservation Form below and post at once—affix a halfpenny stamp. Be sure to indicate the Book or Books you want and the Edition required. On receipt of your Form you will be sent a Presentation Invoice entitling you to secure your Book or Books on the special privilege terms. You then send in your remittance and your volume(s) will at once be dispatched, carriage paid, to your home.

HURRY! Every woman must have this invaluable book.—Post Form below immediately.

HURRY! POST AT ONCE

(CUT HERE)

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ADDRESS envelope exactly as shown, and post to:—
BOOK PRESENTATION DEPT., J.S.S.,
"JOHN BULL," 93, Fetter Lane, LONDON, W.C.4 (Prof.).

Please reserve in my name the Volume or Volumes indicated below and send me a Presentation Invoice at the special Privilege Price. I have indicated, the edition desired.

STANDARD EDITION { Two MUST cross out Edition NOT wanted. } DE LUXE EDITION

If you would like both volumes, leave the fillet below unmarked. Both volumes must be in the same Edition. If you choose one Book only, cross out Volume NOT DESIRED.

"THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME KNITTING."
"THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME NEEDLECRAFT."

The last day for receipt of Reservations is Tuesday, November 28th.
Offer applies only to Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire.
Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS.

YOUR NAME.....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
.....
DATE.....

John Bull, 18/11/39.

EXTRA! Would you also like "THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME NEEDLECRAFT"? Over 200 pages; over 350 how-to-do-it pictures. Size 10 in. by 7½ in. Standard Edition, 3/9; De Luxe Edition, 4/9. If so, please mark this Form accordingly.

A halfpenny stamp must be affixed here by you.

After cover of stamp only.

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Good luck to your paper, it is undoubtedly a d--- good answer to Hitler."

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A

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ALSO COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

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JOHN BULL

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To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 18/11/39.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 18/11/39

Oh, My Poor Legs!

That Awful Fatigue! Do You Know it? That Agonising Pain! Have You Suffered it?

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biomedical Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not A Drug, But A Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language this amazing new method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, together with a generous free sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal healthy circulation; *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biomedical remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised. Elasto will save you pounds!

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"*No sign of varicose veins now.*"
"*Elasto put new life into me.*"
"*As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever.*"
"*Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years.*"
"*My Doctor highly praises Elasto.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Elasto has cured my bad legs.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*I feel 10 years younger.*"
"*It put me on my feet.*"
"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*All signs of phlebitis gone.*"
"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"
"*Elasto tones up the system and cures depression.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better.*"
"*I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago: still quite fit.*"
"*The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"
"*The free sample gave me instant relief.*"

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of Elasto for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: ELASTO (Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised, so post your Coupon NOW—while you think of it! This offer is too good to be missed.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please print in capital letters).

ADDRESS .....

"J.B." 18.11.39. 15

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

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9½

Illus. Bargain Catalogue post free

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-(carr.1/- extra), we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Remnants of REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Browns, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 9 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. T. HUDDERS & SONS (J.B.) Woodley Road, Londn.

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Sonelli, Stoldani, Vivaldo, Pancetti, Helmer, Crudenelli, Paolo Soprani, etc., used and recommended by Band Leaders all over the country. Here we offer a very wonderful Bargain, 34 Gn. VALUE FOR 50s. Piano Finished Cabinet "Stoldani," Metal-bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action; 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses; Complete with Shoulder Straps. Send only 6/6 Deposit for 7 Days' Trial. If satisfactory you pay a further 3/- and Balance by Monthly Payments of 5/6 until 30/6 is paid. Full Cash after Approval, 25/- only. Elaborate Tutor. De Luxe Models available: 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, all on Easy Terms. Write for fully illustrated List of Piano Accordions and other Musical Instruments post free.

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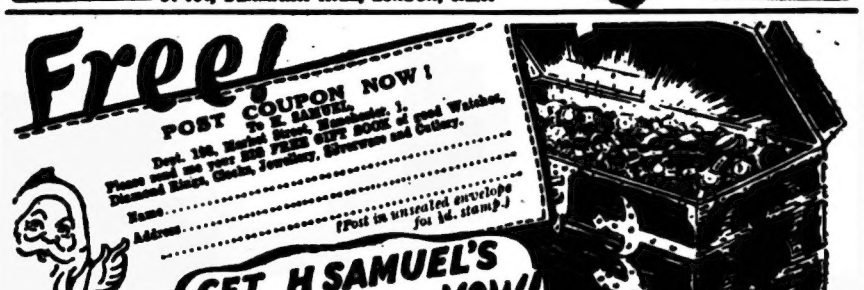

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Popular flat size 2/9 for 9 Post

Gives exact light required by police

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8/6 DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from to-day's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types.

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A handsome reading glass with chromium handles which fold up for pocket. Made in six charming colours with morocco case to match. Order from dealer or write at once for list G, illustrated in colour, to

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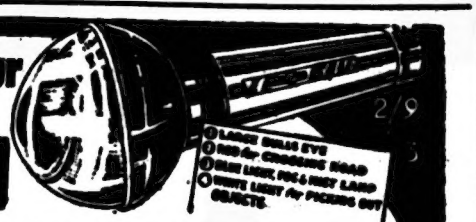

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THESE 3-GUN PATTERN BINOCULARS are amazing value at our low price and SUCH EASY TERMS. Ideal for Sports and Race Meetings, Holidays, Theatres, etc. LONG RANGE & HIGH POWER LENSES, wide angle vision, perfectly clear definition. Centre screw focusing. Bending bar allows for width adjustment. Black morocco finish, highly plated metal parts. COMPLETE WITH STRAP and DUST-PROOF CARRIER. Send for return against 6d. DEPOSIT (plus 6d. postage and packing) and 12 weekly until 12/- is paid, or cash with order 10/6.

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All foods, foo toilet preparatio and drugs, and capable of a la which have be by our experts a In the case of m drugs we guara they are taken according to t they will have effects.

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SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER. Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C. Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CARNIVAL HATS, NOVELTIES, BALLOONS, etc. Decorations, Fancy Costumes. Bargain list free.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL every kind. Bazaar Goods, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc.—144-page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), Birmingham.

XMAS WHOLESALE Catalogues now ready. Keenest values and prompt deliveries for the draper, market man, etc. Send p.c.—Archers, Castle Gate, Nottingham.

SONOSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES best for tone and volume. Loud, Medium, Soft. 200 6d. Bronze p'ck-ups for Radios, 6d 100.—Manufacturers, J. Stead & Co., Ltd., Sheffield.

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A MANUFACTURER brands his products with a distinguishing name and advertises them under that name because he has unlimited confidence in his goods. Buy advertised goods, particularly those advertised in *John Bull*. One very certain way to ensure getting good value.

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WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 83, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1385 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

SPECIAL WAR-TIME BOOK OFFER. 500-page books 6d. each offered by the Swedenborg Society. See page 4.

SMART WOOLLY SWING SKIRTS at genuine liquidation price. Limited number only. See Utility Products offer on page 4.

WALLPAPER direct from works. 250 patterns, post free. Delivery as usual. — OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Rd., Manchester.

RABBIT NETS, Guns, Snares, Ferreting Tackle, Bird, Partridge Nets; catlg. free; easy payments arr.—Young's (J.B.), Misterton, Som.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. New season's patterns. Post free both ways.—Bruce & Hall (J.B.), South Shields.

WHAT! YOU CAN'T GET BATTERIES? Then send an order to C. Davies, who will deliver by return. See announcement page 4.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—(TESTED JB)—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE
10s. per line.
A line averages six words.
Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 37-39, Long Acre, London.—W.C.2

GENUINE LONDON BUSMEN'S TROUSERS. Useful for all kinds of work, including A.R.P., A.F.S., etc. Strong and durable. Jackets to match. Obtainable from Willson Bros. See page 4.

EMPLOYMENT.

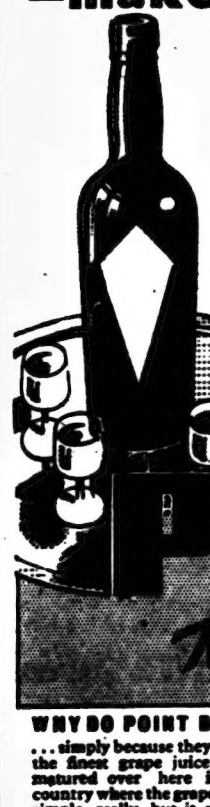
POLICEMEN WANTED for various parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-22. No experience.—For full details of easy Entrance write, B.T.I. (Dept. 603), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

POLICE FORCE.—Married & single men, age 19-27, urgently required for reserved occupations. Start £3 wkly.—For FREE GUIDE to simple entrance requirements apply, CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 138), Chislehurst, Kent.

BY becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. If you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, get the advice of Mr. Bennett, Governing Director of the famous Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield. It may make a wonderful difference to your future!—Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject.

Successful hosts who know the best way to cheer the parting guest

—make a **POINT** of it



Before he goes out in the dark give him a glass of Red Point rich ruby wine to cheer him on his way. It provides that inner warmth—the best protection against the sort of night it usually is outside!

You can find out how good Point Brand Wines are for as little as 10d.—that's the price of a quarter-flask. Ask for Red Point, rich ruby wine of Port character—or White Point, white sweet wine of Port character—or Amber Point, British Sherry.

2/6 A BOTTLE

Red POINT Rich Ruby Wine

WHY DO POINT BRAND WINES ... simply because they're produced with the finest grape juice, fermented and matured over here instead of in the country where the grapes are grown. Quite simple, really, but it saves you shillings a bottle in transport and other costs. It

COST ONLY 2/6 A BOTTLE? may sound quite a new idea but the "Point" people have been producing wines in just this way for over 30 years and their excellence has won the Gold Sealed Certificate of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD., KINGSTON, SURREY

TRACERS AND DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS required urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-time Entrance service, and details of pay and duties in the various branches. — B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP.—Men over 21 wanted for reserved occupations. Thousands of openings in all branches of Engineering, Govt. Service; etc. No. exp. reqd. FREE details of rapid preparation and employment service for these vacancies from NAT. INST. of ENG. (Dept. 362), Chislehurst, Kent.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Reserved occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of openings, etc., apply CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 319), Chislehurst, Kent.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

A BALMORAL XMAS CARD BOOK now ready, contains largest range CARDS AND CALENDARS. Patriotic Greetings: War Service Badges. "Finest collection Published." say Agents. Highest Commission. Prizes. BOOK FREE and Carriage paid.—STEWARTS Dept. A., Balmoral Works, Blackburn.

AGENTS WANTED FOR G.U.S. FAMOUS SHILLING CLUBS. Big Commission and Bonuses! Easy spare-time work! 672-page Catalogue of 3,000 Bargains. Send for complete Outfit, value 7s. 6d., FREE, from Great Universal Stores, Devonshire St., Ardwick, Manchester.

"CITY" CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS ARE THE LOVELIEST AND MOST APPROPRIATE PUBLISHED. AGENTS WANTED IN ALL TOWNS AND IN THE FORCES. ENORMOUS SALE FOR PRIVATE CARDS. MILITARY AND ALL SERVICE BADGES. EXCELLENT COMMISSION & PRIZES.—WRITE, The Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co. (DEPT. S), 57, St. Simon Street, Manchester, 3.

AGENTS WANTED. Pvte. Christmas Cards. World-famed "Orient" Smpl. Book FREE & CARR. PAID. Contains Calendars, Novel Blotter, Royal Family, 52-page Engagement Diary, Real Pokerwork Calendar, Animal Studies, Beautiful Greeting Cards and Novelties. SPECIAL PATRIOTIC GREETINGS and War Service Badges. Highest Comm. & Prizes.—HAMILTON, ORIENT WORKS, Dept. 753, BLACKBURN.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

RUN-DOWN MEN, WOMEN! FEEL FIT AS EVER. New Ovstrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain raw oyster vitamins and general invigorators. First dose starts new health and vigour or maker refunds price. Introductory size, 1/6. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors.

FREE sample of Do-Do Brand Asthma Tablets. For quick relief send at once for a free test supply by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to International Laboratories, Ltd., 1/3, Smedley Street, London, S.W.8.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (560D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write mentioning *John Bull*, to Elasto (Dept. 15D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto Treatment. Send now while you think of it. See page 3.

FREE to rheumatic sufferers! A free trial supply of Curicones, a valuable remedy for all forms of rheumatism, will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull* (Dept. J.B.2), Stephen Matthews & Co., Mfg. Chemist, 19/21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Accompanying the trial supply will come a special booklet explaining all about the Curicore treatment.

ARE you a sampler? Do you respond to advertisements which offer samples? You ought to. It is a way of trying out all kinds of things which you might never know about. Make a habit of answering the advertisements and testing the goods.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

FREE BROCHURE FOR POULTRY KEEPERS. Everyone should at once take steps to ensure an adequate supply of eggs—vital food for all the family. Learn how you can secure full egg-baskets economically. Apply at once for FREE BROCHURE to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, who will also send you full details of a remarkable money-saving scheme. Send a postcard at once to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic (Dept. J.C.), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Pref.)

EGGS ARE SCARCE AND DEAR! In these times everyone should ensure for themselves and their families the vital nutrition provided by eggs. Keep your own fowls. The "Feathered World," on sale every Friday, gives you practical, helpful advice that will enable you to get full egg-baskets economically. Even if you are a small "Back-yard" poultry keeper, don't miss the advice of "Feathered World"—out every Friday, twopence.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

RETAILERS
OFFERING SPECIAL
A.R.P. LINES

Need not limit trade to Local requirements. In times like these TENS OF THOUSANDS must BUY BY POST. *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" reaches millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER RECENTLY REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 23, 37-39, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LAUGH YOUR TROUBLES AWAY with Billy Bennett's Own Monologues. See Paxton's advertisement on page 4.

FREE.—Write to J. S. Fry & Sons, Dept. 6a, Somerdale, Bristol, for Free Illustrated Book of hundreds of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Fry's Cocoa. One free coupon to start your collection.

A BOOKLET of immediate practical importance to all dog-owners, entitled "How to care for your dog in war time," is now available free on application. It contains a wealth of practical hints regarding exercise during black-outs, war ration feeding, blasteroof kennels, management of nervous dogs, etc., etc.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bob Martin, Ltd. (69B), Union Street, Southport, Lancs.

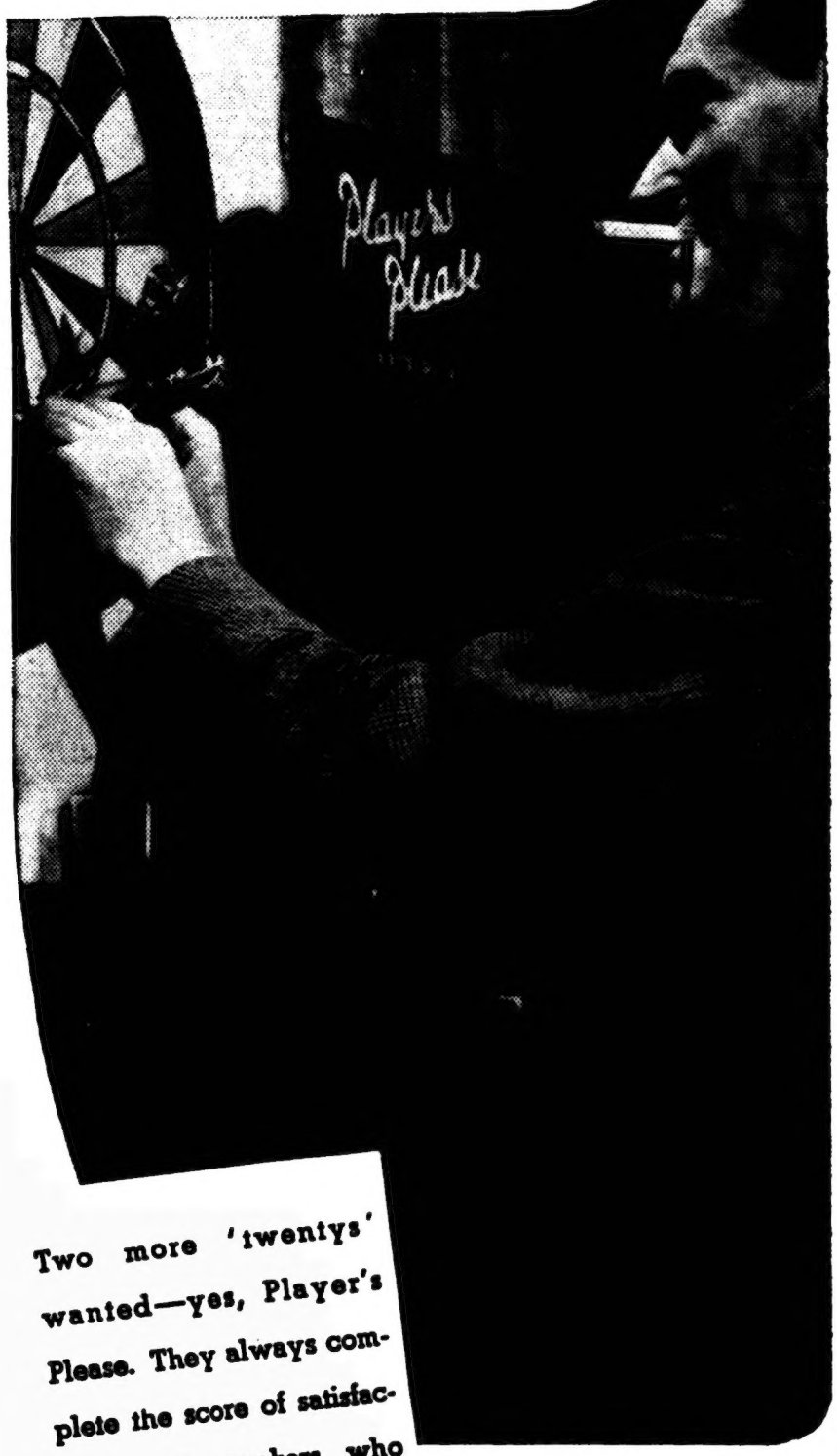
FREE GARDEN CATALOGUE.—Your garden is a national asset. Anything which braces the spirits in war time is an asset. Contribute your share by keeping your garden bright. Send at once for free and post-paid catalogue. A guide to everything which can be planted now as advertised in Bees announcement on page 25.

FREE to mothers. Valuable book, "BABY"—a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood and healthy babyhood. Also Nestlé's supplementary Feeding Charts. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Nestlé's Milk Products, Ltd. (I.P.316), 6a, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. See page 27.

HOW to brighten the black-out. Here is an interesting way to spend long black evenings and turning every spare minute into spare cash. Get a G.T.L. home chest and home repairing outfit. With it you can make a thousand and one articles for your home and garden, save pounds by doing your own repairs, and you can add to your income by making articles to sell. No experience needed, as a valuable free instruction book containing over 200 working illustrations is included in every G.T.L. Tool Chest. Readers of this paper who would like to learn more about this home repairing outfit should write at once, mentioning *John Bull* to Guaranteed Tools, Ltd., 12/13, Chiswell Street, London, E.C.1, for beautifully illustrated booklet, together with full particulars of a special price offer.

IT will pay you to read the advertisements in *John Bull*, for by doing so you can keep in touch with new products, the majority of which will help you to save money and improve your standard of living.

'Double top' wanted . .



Two more 'twentys' wanted—yes, Player's Please. They always complete the score of satisfaction with smokers who know a good cigarette—'Medium' or 'Mild'.

Player's are always in the picture . . .

CIGARETTES MEDIUM MILD PLAIN OR CORK TIPS · 10-7ᵈ · 20-1/1½ᴮ

FREEDOM to Listen.

One of the chief blessings of democracy is that it gives us liberty. Liberty to speak—to criticise if we think fit. Liberty to listen—to both sides of an argument. We shouldn't neglect this great advantage. In this country secret police don't enter our houses to destroy wireless sets that can 'get' foreign broadcasts. It is not a crime here, thank Heaven, to listen to the other man's point of view. Guard this freedom to listen—and *use* it. E. J. POWER, *Managing Director.*

Hire Purchase Terms are still available from most Murphy dealers.

MURPHY
RADIO

All Murphy Sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year.

MURPHY RADIO LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS. TELEPHONE: WELWYN GARDEN 800.

C.R.C. 231

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, Nov. 18, 1939. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

DYNAMITE BEHIND THE DYKES!

IF, as leading authorities agree, Germany made a disastrous mistake when the Kaiser's armies invaded Belgium, who can doubt that a Nazi invasion of Holland must prove equally disastrous to Adolf Hitler?

Hitler himself, to whom even inactivity spells ruin, may doubt it and possibly some of the Nazi chieftains.

But "those whom the gods would destroy, they first drive mad."

Last War's Lessons

There were Germans in 1914 who advocated the invasion of the Netherlands, but *then* they were overruled by wiser men.

"Think what we should have lost," said Von Kuhlmann, who was *chargé d'affaires* at The Hague during the last war, "if the Netherlands had been a belligerent.

"Apart from other and larger considerations, we drew not less than 60 per cent. of our supplies through Rotterdam.

"Paralysing Blockade"

Had it not been for Dutch neutrality, this same Von Kuhlmann recently declared, the Great War would have ended long before 1918, owing to the effects of Great Britain's "paralysing blockade."

Weak on History

Germans of the Hitler type apparently do not study history and certainly do not learn from it. They cannot see that those "other and larger considerations" of which Von Kuhlmann spoke must involve the condemnation of the whole civilised world.

Promise—or Threat!

True, they did not start this war by an immediate invasion of the Low Countries. On the contrary, they protested with an air of injured innocence that nothing was further from their minds.

But, with each repetition of the Nazi promise to respect their neutrality, the peoples of Holland and Belgium became more fearful of its betrayal.

"One-Way" Danger

As far back as last March Holland certainly knew that Germany had considered plans of invasion. That is why the Dutch kept 100,000 troops to defend their frontiers and, being strictly neutral, still kept them on the East!

Sky Trespass

Early in September Germany made an urgent *démarche* to The Hague, alleging that Holland was permitting combatant aircraft to fly over her territory and warning her that, "if strict neutrality is not observed, Germany will not stand by with her hands in her pockets."

The charge was unfounded, but, in recent weeks, German planes have violated Dutch neutrality again and again.

With or without invasion, the Nazis were resolved to trespass in the skies.

Plans Long Prepared

One month later, on October 11, Dr. Otto Strasser, ex-Nazi Chief but now bitter opponent of the Fuehrer, predicted that Hitler would launch a military attack on Holland within a few weeks.

Dr. Strasser's information came, he said, "from the highest military sources," it being held in Germany that an occupation of the Netherlands was "essential to effective attack on Britain."

Naked Aggression

Nobody, least of all the shrewd Dutchmen, doubted that expediency, as the Nazis saw it, would be the sole guide to German action. Hitler is methodically unscrupulous; he grabs what he wants.

And that is why Holland lost no time in mobilising her small but well-equipped army and did not hesitate, even under an increasing menace, to open her sluice gates and loose the costly floods which, in times past, have proved her surest defence.

No "Flying" Dutchmen

The Dutch have never been afraid to defend their liberty, and they know that to-day they can count upon the might of Britain and France to defend it with them.

On Home Front

Meanwhile, on the Home Front, butter and bacon are scarce in many districts; abundant in others.

If the fault is in the distribution, then rationing is unnecessary.

If there really isn't enough to go round, then rationing should be started now, not left till the New Year, when great supplies will begin to arrive from the Dominions.

A.R.P. "Cracks"

On that other salient of the Home Front—A.R.P.—there are still odd cracks and weaknesses—inevitable in so great an organisation.

But some of the cracks are too odd to be excused.

Most serious is the lack of gas-masks for babies and young children. Manufacture was supposed to have started a year ago. Factories may have been turned over to making Christmas crackers!

(Continued Overleaf)

A SIMPLE SUM

AIR RAID INSURANCE

Annual premium normally charged by Insurance Companies for benefits up to £200	£4 4 0
Cost of "John Bull" for one year which includes a free £200 Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at LLOYD'S ...	0 8 8
YOU SAVE	£3 15 4

THIS simple sum will bring home very clearly the actual cash value to "John Bull" readers of our stupendous War Time Security Gift. It should be borne in mind that not only does "John Bull" offer to every reader a £200 Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at LLOYD'S, but, in addition,

FREE COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

including protection for the reader's furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, BURGLARY, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, etc.

For the benefit of readers who have not yet registered, Registration Forms are published on page 3. Do not delay. Use these forms at once.

Curtain-Raiser for the Anderson Follies: A. R. Patriots

CANDID CARTOON BY KEM

Shortage, too, of Anderson shelters.

One London suburb has been waiting for three months.

In another suburb several truckloads of the shelters have been standing in railway sidings for three weeks.

Dog-Fight Danger

Worst of the Anderson Follies is to be found in a Scots town.

The other day there was an aerial dog-fight over the local school when children were streaming in. Bullets fell about them.

That was not the first raid on the district, yet the Government refuses shelters to the residents because it is not classed as a "vulnerable area."

Told to go away

One of the civilian casualties in the first raid on the Firth of Forth was whisked off to the appointed hospital, where hundreds of beds stood in readiness for air raid casualties.

But the hospital refused to accept him. The raid wasn't "official." So the wounded man had to be taken to another hospital.

So might a wart-hog organise for war.

No Complaints

No complaints about the A.R.P. rank-and-file. We've criticised the soft-job seekers, but most have been axed—with men who threw up good jobs to become full-time civil defenders!

For those who are left, both unpaid and paid wardens, no praise can be too high.

They have complaints, but they go on doing their job in foul weather or fine, and they deserve a lot more praise than they get.

Neglected Firemen

Think well, too, of the auxiliary firemen. Many of those in London deserve particular praise, and commiseration.

Though they are now merged with regular fire brigades, and have to attend ordinary fires, they are far more likely to get rain-soaked and chilled than pre-war firemen.

For they have not yet been issued with the proper water-resisting uniform, no change of clothing.

Can efficient Herbert Morrison know of this shortcoming in London's proud government?

They've Got a Month

Does the P.M.G. know that the thousand girls at a London 'phone exchange have no protection against air raids?

This key building has only one shelter, and the girls aren't allowed to use it.

We'll give the authorities a month to remedy this defect!

Trust the Navy!

As a contrast, there's the unbroken efficiency of the Navy in tackling the submarine menace.

Mr. Churchill's latest account shows how surely and unceasingly the ocean pirates are being mastered.

If the Admiralty, which is not given to boasting, assures you that U-boats are no longer to be feared, your faith in the Navy should not be undermined by frantic lies of Nazi propagandists.

Perilous Complacency

We must avoid the danger of complacency. We must expect an increase in the U-boat fleet early in the New Year, though the convoy system should prevent enemy successes from becoming numerous.

More serious is the flaw in the Scapa Flow defences that led to the loss of *Royal Oak*, an appalling flaw frankly admitted by Mr. Churchill.

If we know anything of our First Lord, the high official responsible has had an unpleasant time.

It won't happen again.

Tennis Shoe Troops

Although we have criticised some features of the Army organisation, there can be no doubt of its excellence as a whole.

We shall continue to criticise, knowing that Hore-Belisha really does repair flaws brought to his notice.

Here's one! Troops stationed in Somerset are floundering through mud in tennis shoes, their boots having been sent away for repair without reserve boots being supplied.

Result—an epidemic of colds and coughs.

Barrack Orderlies

When he's stopped that nonsense, our camera-conscious but hard-working War Minister should deal with the grievance of ex-Servicemen employed as civilian orderlies in barracks.

Their wages are only £2 a week after insurance has been deducted, and they received only 7s. 6d. for sixteen hours' overtime during the Militia rush.

Don't leave them out of the higher-wages movement!

Only for Heroes

It is good to know that their disabled colleagues of the last war are not being left in the cold.

We told you of crippled soldiers in hospital who had their beer stopped through lack of funds.

Now we've received an offer from the Military Hospitals Cinema Association to provide a weekly film show for those uncomplaining heroes.

Generosity Flourishes

Generosity flourishes as brightly in war as in peace. National Union of Teachers has given £1,000 to buy clothes for poor children who have been evacuated.

There's still need for strong boots and warm clothes if youngsters are to be kept happy in the country.

And the Save the Children Fund will gladly accept any you can afford.

Plenty of Money?

There must be plenty of money in the nation's coffers. Otherwise our rulers couldn't be so prodigal with it.

A Hull girl, called up for one of the women's auxiliary services, has been paid for doing nothing for eight weeks, yet has drawn her ordinary wages from the shop where she has been working.

Nice, if you can get it!

Wasted Patriotism

More infuriating than such waste of money is waste of labour. Ask women land workers!

All are eager to do their bit. Hardly any are being employed on the land, though many gave up good jobs to do so—because farmers want to keep their sons at home.

Greedy Landladies

We make no apology for discussing again the plight of girls in the Civil Service.

Many, sent to distant parts of the country, are finding it a hard job to make ends meet.

One landlady, receiving six guineas a week for boarding six girls, charges twopence for a can of hot water, does not allow the girls to do personal washing, and provides no midday meal.

Lunches and laundry strain the young girls' small salaries to the utmost.

They are to Blame

The authorities are not always to blame. It was not officialdom that stopped a Sunday cinema show at Risca, Mon., aimed at raising funds to buy small comforts for troops in France.

It was the church council!

Wicked Merchants

Condemn wool merchants "on strike" against prices adjusted by the Wool Control. We are definitely on the side of the Government.

The prices were fixed by men with long experience in the trade. There has been no increase in the cost of production to justify the malcontents refusing to do business.

They must Help

None the less, the Control must give a helping hand to smaller firms put out of business by its operations.

Supplies must be made available to little firms as well as big. Workers must not be forced into "dole" queues so long as there is work to be done.

Giving them Rope!

Room for investigation, also, in the rope trade. Pre-war hemp price was £16 10s. a ton. Control price is £19 10s. Merchants demand £24 10s. before they will sell.

So that here, again, small firms are being forced out of business.

Fight goes on

War or no war, science goes on. Medical journals are as bulky as ever, reporting week by week advances in the great battle against disease.

You will read no more appeals for funds to combat cancer as long as the war lasts. But the fight is continuing as relentlessly and on as big a scale with existing funds.

After the War . . .

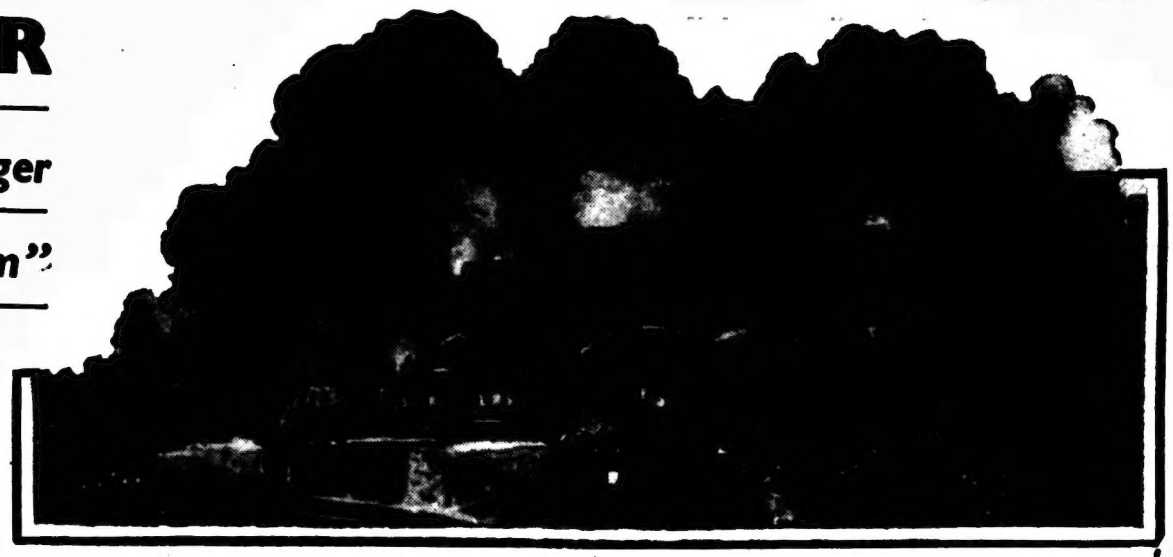
If ever you're tempted to be despondent, remember this:

The nation, from our statesmen to our professional men and the man-in-the-street, will insist that the world of to-morrow must be a more orderly, fairer, brighter place.

So let's hurry with this war and get on with the real job!

A. G. GARDINER

says "the black-out is no longer defensible in its present form"



"The effect of the great reshuffle on the trade of the country must be reduced to a minimum. We must keep the wheels of industry turning"

KEEP the HOME FIRES BURNING

IF the real casualty figures of the war were published they would disclose a startling fact. I don't suggest that there is some dark secret that is kept from us.

The losses sustained by our Fighting Forces have been frankly and fully announced. Happily they have been astonishingly small, and but for the heavy loss of life involved in the torpedoing of the *Courageous* and the *Royal Oak* they would be quite insignificant.

But the startling fact to which I refer is that the official casualty figures take no account of the death roll on the Home Front due directly to the war.

SINCE HOSTILITIES BEGAN MORE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SLAIN OR INJURED BY THE BLACK-OUT THAN HAVE BEEN KILLED OR WOUNDED BY THE ENEMY IN BATTLE.

And we are still only on the threshold of the winter, with its increasing perils of the black-out.

Dreadful Night

If the war is prolonged, and we have to contemplate winter succeeding winter in our cities of dreadful night, the mind reels at a prospect more calculated to break the spirit of the nation than any invasion from the air, however formidable.

If this menace is to be removed, a drastic revision of our civil defence is urgent.

In stressing the necessity for immediate action I do not condemn the measures which have been taken. In the circumstances they were unavoidable.

When war became imminent a year ago the expectation that it would take the form of a *Blitzkrieg* on the part of Germany was universal.

All Hitler's plans were based on the idea of the lightning war, of a knock-out blow delivered so suddenly and with such overwhelming force that it would offer him the prospect of an instant decision.

No one conceived that the war, when it came, would be the slow-motion affair which we have experienced during the last ten weeks.

Germany's supremacy in the air was supposed to be indisputable. For that opinion we not only had the boasts of Goering, but the confident assurances of Lindbergh, whose Nazi leanings were then unknown to us.

And it was the fear of the war in the air that was the ground for our civil defence measures — black-outs, shelters, evacuation schemes, and so on.

On land and on sea we had no reason for alarm. There we were secure and sure of ultimate victory.

But a lightning stroke from the air was a peril we could not measure.

Our preparations to meet it had been belated, and, though we had had a year since Munich in which to make up some leeway, our inferiority was accepted as an indisputable fact.

Ready to Retaliate

Hence the vast A.R.P. schemes for dodging the blow when it came.

But the blow did not come, and, in the form in which it was feared, it can never come.

Why Hitler failed to play his *Blitzkreig* card we do not know, but we do know that he cannot play it now.

We are prepared against surprise, and every day that passes our power and defence grow.

We have discovered that in the quality both of men and machines we are at least as formidable as Germany—almost certainly more formidable.

We have realised how great a handicap the North Sea is to an effective air attack from Wilhelmshaven.

While our bombers are on the Rhine ready to retaliate in minutes on capital objectives, the German bombers are two hours away from their mark, and must come undefended by their fighters, which cannot make the flight to and fro.

Still a Danger

This does not mean that the danger of an attack in force has passed.

But it does mean that if or when it is made it will be made at frightful cost to the enemy, and with diminishing peril to our civil population.

In these circumstances the need of a radical revision of our civil defence measures is imperative.

THE BLACK-OUT, EXCUSABLE IN THE FIRST DAYS OF THE WAR, IS NO LONGER DEFENSIBLE IN ITS PRESENT DEADLY AND UNRESTRICTED FORM.

Risks must be taken in war, and it is our business to balance one sort of risk against another.

Is it not clear that the price we are paying —in life and limb, in the miseries of travel, in spiritual gloom and physical paralysis, in the blanketing of the business, social and domestic life of millions—is extravagant set against the risk of a night invasion, which the "black-out" in any case would not prevent?

If our aeroplanes can locate darkened Berlin at night, as they have done, the Germans can locate London or Birmingham, black-out or no black-out.

I do not stress the fact that all the German air attacks on our shores so far have been in daylight, though that fact is not without significance.

But I do say that the black-out policy on the present scale is a monstrous affliction that must be lightened.

Reasonable steps for preventing the glare of London being seen from afar are necessary, but this can be done without leaving ten million people groping blindly in the dark.

Or turn to the evacuation problem. Here again there is no reason for criticism of the measures taken at the first impact of the war when we faced the unknown.

Out of Harm's Way

But there is every reason for reconsidering the problem in the light of what we now know.

In this matter I find myself in entire agreement with the sensible views expressed by Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P., in *The Times*.

It was right, of course, to evacuate the children, and it is right to keep them out of harm's way still. But the scheme needs root and branch revision. The method of sending schools away as units should be extended to camps, country houses, and so on, to avoid the waste and disruption of scattered contingents.

What that waste is like is illustrated by the remark of a correspondent of mine who lives in a Sussex village.

"There are 490 school children here," he says, "and 70 teachers to look after them—*i.e.*, one teacher to seven children.

"The teacher billeted on us has four children, the other six in her charge have gone home."

BUT THE GRAVEST MISCHIEF CONNECTED WITH EVACUATION HAS BEEN THE DISPERSION, HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE, OF BUSINESSES, GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS, COLLEGES AND INSTITUTIONS OF ALL SORTS FROM THE CITIES.

Much of this has been done without rhyme or reason, staffs being transferred hundreds of miles from one supposedly vulnerable place to one not less vulnerable.

Excusable, if not very intelligible, at the outbreak of war, this migration is seen to be unnecessary now.

Thrown into Chaos

The result, unless we are very careful, could be large-scale interference with the whole business of the nation.

Hotels and other great premises in the provinces have been commandeered to their own loss.

The effect of this reshuffle upon the trade of the country, the domestic life of the people, and ultimately upon the revenue of the Exchequer, must be reduced to a minimum.

The stampede must be stopped and turned back. The order should go forth, Back to London or wherever you belong.

Back to your own office, your own factory and your own home. Back to normal life and normal conditions.

Here are the Answers

—to the questions you have been asking . . .

As Germany is intensifying the U-boat war, especially in the Atlantic, what new measures is Britain taking to extend its fight against this menace?

MOST of them cannot be mentioned. But among the orders that are being given to the U.S.A. now that the arms embargo has been lifted is one for 1,000 submarine chasers—speedboats that can round up U-boats, blow them out of the water with depth charges, or cut them in two with their knife-edge bows.

The speedboats have a range sufficient to enable them to cross the Atlantic without refuelling.

◉ ◉ ◉

What is this "contraband," of which the Navy has seized half a million tons since the war started? What is being done with it?

CONTRABAND, from "contrabanda," Spanish for smuggling, can loosely be defined as goods that a nation doesn't wish a foe to receive. Food would have been exempted if Germany had accepted the Declaration of London of 1909. But she didn't.

International Law states that "foodstuffs can be declared contraband if an enemy, for the purpose of securing sufficient for his military forces, puts the whole population on rations."

So we have every right to regard German foodstuffs as contraband, but Nazis have not the right to treat British food in the same way.

Disregarding International Law, Germany would seize British food cargoes—if she could.

Prize Courts have not yet decided the fate of any of the 500,000 tons of contraband seized.

Although such courts have powers to order complete confiscation, British authorities do not usually resort to such an extreme course in the case of neutrals. Usually, we buy the neutral's cargo at a fair price and spare him his ship.

Germans destroy the ship and the cargo—dispensing with the formality of a trial.

◉ ◉ ◉

Why has Arab terrorism ceased in Palestine?

BECAUSE even the Arab "wild men" realise that the alternative to British rule is now Nazi rule. They want more independence, not less.

This represents one of the big failures of Nazi propaganda, because before the war they spent large sums in trying to stir up disaffection.

How do canned foods compare, for nutrition, with fresh foods?

SIR WILLIAM SAVAGE, great bacteriologist, says that canned foods contain no waste matter, are far less likely to lead to food-poisoning and are often definitely more nutritive than fresh foodstuffs.

If there's ever need for wholesale rationing—a big "if"—housewives should remember!

◉ ◉ ◉

There have been rumours that the morale of many divisions of the German Army is not very high. Is there any evidence to support these rumours? Is it true that soldiers, despite the stern discipline, are grumbling?

YES. Every German company commander, before his men go into the line, now has to read to them the following order:—

"All cowardice in face of the enemy will be punished by death, but what is even worse than a cowardly soldier is one who grumbles and spreads discontent in his company, and tries to arouse feeling against his superiors or to reduce the fighting power of the troops by pessimism.

"Those who grumble and weaken Germany's fighting power by unsoldierly conduct will be brought before a court-martial, which can only order either acquittal or the death sentence.

"I have also to warn you that stringent action will be taken against those who heedlessly utter defeatist statements. So take care and hold your tongues."

The necessity for that order being read indicates that all is not as it should be with the front line troops.

◉ ◉ ◉

Goering has announced that Germany will buy bombers in the United States, but how can he "guarantee" to Hitler that he can get them safely to Germany?

HE could have them flown by "civilian" pilots along the Northern circle route, refuelling before the Arctic hop to Russia in Alaska territory. This route has been well pioneered by Russians.

Biggest difficulty is German lack of cash to pay for such bombers.

◉ ◉ ◉

"Beryllium" is given prominence in most lists of armament metals. What is it?

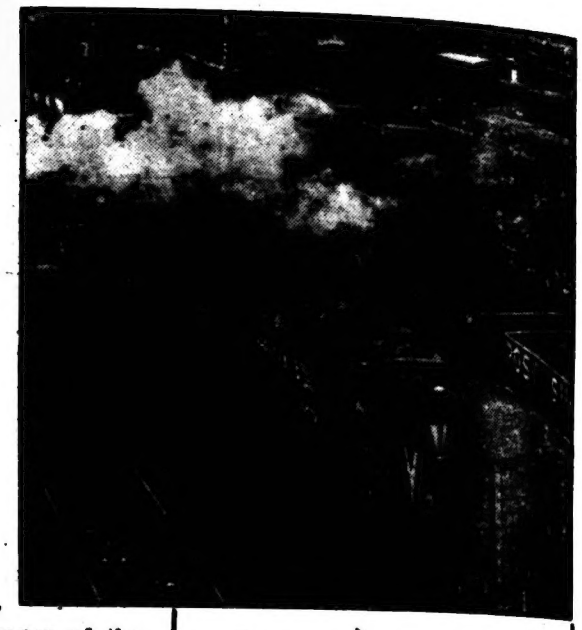
ONE-THIRD lighter than aluminium, beryllium is latest armament wonder-metal. With 2 per cent. of beryllium added, nickel develops tensile strength of 14 tons to the square inch, three times as much as stainless steel. This alloy stands great heat, and is invaluable for aero-engine bushings and other parts.

◉ ◉ ◉

Is there really a shortage of coal?

NO. There is so much coal in stock that collieries cannot get enough wagons to deal with their normal outputs.

And nearly thirty pits have been opened since the outbreak of war.



There is so much coal in stock that collieries cannot get enough wagons to deal with their normal outputs

Imaginary Interview on the Black-out bus

The Riddle of Europe

FOURPENCE change, guv'nor. That's all right with me, but 'oo are you calling "Comrade"? I'm a bit of a "Left Winger" myself, but I'm no perishin' comrade with Uncle Adolf and 'is gang—not Bernard Shaw likely I'm not!

Russian are you? Well, in the last scrap I talked to blokes 'oo'd swept the snow out of the railway carriages—or *said* they 'ad! That was before "Bolsheviks" was ever 'eard of. Nah we 'ear of nuthink else!

You tell me I mustn't confuse the Russia of to-day with the Russia of Lenin? But 'oo *would*? Lenin was a Communist, wasn't 'e? Lenin, poor old scout, wanted Russia for the Russians and nothing else, but Lenin was no Imperialist, and that's why I went more than 'arf way to liking him.

But, blimey! this new Comrade Molotov takes a bit of understanding, don't 'e? They call 'im "The Riddle of Europe," and nobody's fahnd the answer yet. Only reason I forgives 'im is that 'e's got Comrade 'Itler guessing worse than any of us!

A few munfs back—you remember, Mister, don't you?—Molotov was denouncing "aggression" like a good 'un. Uncle Joe Stalin and 'im was sore with us 'cos we didn't 'ave a crack at Adolf a year ago.

And then, when this war started, they waits until 'Itler 'as done all the dirty work; they waits until the pore old Poles are on the run; and then—Bingo!—they marches into Poland and grabs pretty nearly all that wicked Imperialist, Tsarist Russia 'ad grabbed off in several 'undred years!

You tell me that Molotov—and Stalin—managed to stop 'Itler? You say they've done nothing but redraw the map of Europe like it used to be? You bloomin' well argue that it's *our* fault, and that we could 'ave made a pact with Russia easier than Germany could? I believe you, chum, though fahsands wouldn't! Wot's more, I'm beginning to think we wos lucky *not* to do business with you before Uncle Adolf. Cos why? Cos 'e's properly bought a pup! 'E *started* this blinkin' war on the strength of Russian backing.

But wot did 'e get aht of it, I arsk you? Nuthink but a pain in the neck!

Latest thing ole man "Give-me-the-Earth" Molotov and "Silent Get-aht-of-me-Way" Stalin 'ave to say is that they want peace, but that the wicked Capitalists and Imperialists—naming *Germany* along with Britain and France—won't let 'em 'ave it!

You know Molotov personally? *You* understand wot 'e means? You can see why Russia 'as to keep a 'uge standing army.

Blow me dahn, comrade; you *are* a man!

Before ever I punched *your* ticket, I could 'ave told you Russia didn't mean to chip in to this war. Why should she? Ain't she getting all she wants withaht fighting?

No; I wouldn't care if you wos Molotov 'imself! I know darn well the Russians aren't doing anything to 'elp *us*! I know 'ow they put the screw on Finland!

But I know they've *sunk* "Uncle Adolf," an' I can forgive 'em anything for that.

WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE WORLD WITH US

By "J. M."

We've got the whole World with us, whatever folk may say, because the whole world in its heart desires to live one way. For all men treasure freedom, and dignity of soul, and that is what we're fighting for, a World-Wide Happy Goal.

* * *

We've got the whole world with us, that may sound a mighty claim, but there's a mighty lot of people in the world who feel the same. And though upon each Nation's Cloak trimmings differ, you will find that the hearts that beat beneath it are fundamentally kind.

* * *

We've got the whole world with us, for God made us every one with our hearts and souls uplifted towards His Eternal Sun. And so, though we may differ, in colour, creed and race, the natural heritage of Man is to live in Love and Grace.

Open LETTERS

Rt. Hon. F. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, M.P.

DEAR SIR,—I do not think you speak only for the Opposition when you warn Members of the Government of grave trouble if they allow vast war fortunes to be made.

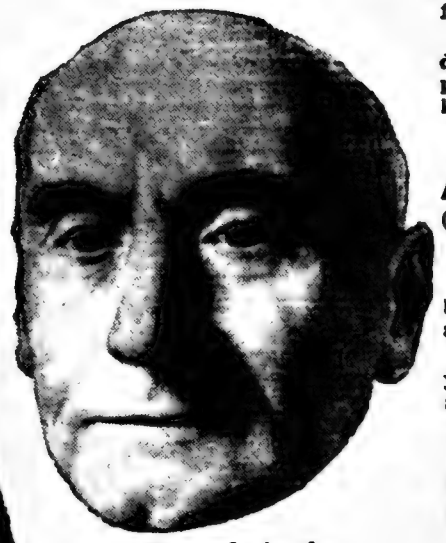
That is the view of the great majority of our people, irrespective of Party.

Few of the rich are attempting to exploit the nation's struggle. Most are readily meeting the demands made in the emergency Budget. Various millionaire firms have agreed to make little or no profit during the war.

The Government is the worst offender. It forced vast fortunes on a few financial houses directly the fight began, and raised the interest rate on its short-term borrowings—Treasury Bills—by 500 per cent., at the cost of an extra sixpence on the income-tax.

It is the Government that is keeping up interest rates on gilt-edged securities, and seems determined to keep to "orthodox" yet short-sighted financial policy

All Parties, I repeat, are convinced that this folly must be ended. Sir John Simon will be forced to respect your warning.—JOHN BULL.



He speaks for the whole public!

Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir H. BROWN, Ministry of Supply

DEAR ADMIRAL,—It's good to hear from you that knitting machines are producing machine-gun parts, that sugar-refining-machinery producers are making armoured plate, and that we can turn out a shell in 35 minutes, ten minutes less than the Nazis.

Still more cheering to know that munition-making has been spread over the country, so that industry will not be crippled after the war, and the firms engaged are allowed to manufacture their normal products as well as war material.

That is wise planning.—JOHN BULL.

Sheriff HAMILTON, Paisley

SIR,—For mercy's sake, leaven the law with common sense!

"Some people never think of others," you remarked to a woman who, when her baby had a fit, didn't wait to pull down the blinds when switching on the light.

You fined her £3 for infringing the black-out, yet in another court a chairman of an A.R.P. committee got off with a £1 fine for his second offence.

Such differences invite the public's anger; your unsympathetic remark provokes my scorn.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—The public's memory is not so short as to forget your promises.

Three and a half years have passed since you promised to revise the cost-of-living figures, upon which millions of workers' wages depend.

More than a year has gone by since you finished a long enquiry into thousands of household budgets.

We are still fobbed off with a cost-of-living reckoning as lopsided as an image in a distorting mirror.

The need for a fairer scale is now urgent.

See to it.—JOHN BULL.

Lord RUSHCLIFFE, Chairman, Unemployment Assistance Board

MY LORD,—Welsh miners, who drew public assistance in the great strike of 1926, are being asked to repay the money now that, after years of hard times, they are busy again.

It's legal, no doubt, but hardly gracious in these days of national sacrifice.

Surely it has not your blessing.—JOHN BULL.

Field-Marshal GOERING

SIR,—Your smile must be thinner than your figure. Despite your show of satisfaction when talking to neutral journalists, you can hardly be pleased that R.A.F. lads are still sailing over Germany.

How many times have they photographed your cities? Twenty or more? You should know the number as well as you know the heavy losses of your machines in their ineffectual visits to these shores.

Last week's big air battle, in which nine French aircraft fought twenty-seven of yours and brought down at least nine, must also have been trying to your patience.

But keep on smiling, Hermann.

It's a brave pretence.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. F. C. CROOKSHANK, M.P., Financial Secretary, Treasury

DEAR SIR,—I expect a frank answer to a trade union's allegation that male clerks are being kept out of Civil Service jobs by Women Territorials who do not receive trade union wages.

To keep men on the "dole" is bad for them, bad for trade, bad for national morale.

You might remember also that cheap labour is always most unfair form of economy.—JOHN BULL.

HOVE WATCH C'TTEE,

GENTLEMEN,—Human ostriches are at last on view. We have only to look at you.

Your self-imposed blindness has led you to ban the anti-Nazi film, "Professor Mamlock," without having seen it, for fear it might stir up hatred against the Germans.

Rubbish!

There is no hatred here against German people; only abhorrence of tyranny and aggression by their Nazi bosses.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. LEOPOLD ROMYN, Trawler Skipper

DEAR SKIPPER,—The Admiralty should advise the King to decorate you.

I am thrilled to read how, wading into the sea up to your shoulders, you seized a Nazi mine and pushed it fifty yards down the beach, away from the sea wall and houses.

Maybe you were angry, your own house having been damaged with several others by a drifting mine on the previous day. Whatever your mood, you must have known that mines can explode at a touch.

Well done, Skipper!—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal W. L. WELSH, Chief of R.A.F. Supply

DEAR SIR,—I'm puzzled.

Many fitters and welders are being dismissed by a big seaplane factory; skilled men at an aeroplane works are on short time.

We are now buying aircraft from the United States, yet I thought we intended to make as many as we could, and give employment to our own people.

Was I wrong?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. L. HORE-BELISHA, M.P., Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—Everyone has read how a young soldier was able to get immediate leave from France, thanks to your intervention, when his father died. Here's something for you to read:

Another soldier in France received a telegram: "Mother dangerously ill." He applied for leave, was told that he might get it at Christmas. That will be too late, for his mother has died.

I know that compassionate leave is not usually granted to sons, but your compassion should be noted by commanding officers.—JOHN BULL.

BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK

MY LORD,—Under the impression that you were chairman of the Churches' Anti-Gambling Committee, I criticised you recently in connection with that body's criticism of a sweepstake on a hunted British submarine.

Now I learn that you are not even a member of the committee and have never either written or spoken a word against the brave men concerned—which I should have expected had I remembered your two sons in the Services and the fact that you yourself were a Chaplain to the Forces in the last war. Sorry!—JOHN BULL.

War Measures—and You

by a Barrister M.P.

TO stop war time profiteering, the Board of Trade is being given powers to adjust maximum prices for clothes, boots, household utensils and other commodities. Unjustified increases will be prevented by the issue of an Order specifying what the legal price of a commodity is to be.

It will be an offence either to offer or to sell such an article at a higher figure, as long as the Order is in force.

Penalties for contravening an Order are drastic; they range from imprisonment (up to two years) and or a fine (up to £500). Persistent offenders can be put out of business and, if they still continue to trade in that particular commodity, sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

Commodities for which an Order has been made will be price-regulated goods: the price arranged, the permitted price.

The permitted price of price-regulated goods will be settled by taking the pre-war price (i.e., the price at which the commodity was sold in the ordinary way of business on August 21, 1939) and adding to it any legitimate increases for materials, insurances and maintenance that have had to be met.

Where the pre-war price of an article varied from locality to locality the permitted price may also vary. The same type of goods may thus have one price in the West End of London, and another in the suburbs.

Where seasonal variations make August 21 last an unfair date to take as a basis, another may be substituted.

Machinery is being created to allow appeals against price arranging Orders issued by the Board. These appeals may be lodged by representative traders in the particular class of goods involved or by customers. They must be made within fourteen days after publication of the Order.

Appeals will be heard by a referee, assisted by three assessors, representing traders, consumers and the profession of accountancy, and he will have power, after hearing evidence, to alter the price, either up or down, or to revoke it altogether.

Central and Local Committees are also to be instituted and vested with considerable powers of supervision and initiative.

ARGUE IT OUT!

He's Paying the Piper

By Pallas

HE gets up in the morning, complains that the bath water is nearly cold. Wife tells him that she's going steady with coal, now that rationing has started. He wonders vaguely why coal should be rationed.

Thousands of miners are out of work and there's enough coal in the ground to last hundreds of years.

He goes downstairs, fancies a rasher of bacon, is given a boiled egg. Wife says bacon is scarce, and, in any case, look at the price—2s. 4d. a lb. for stuff not worth eating.

He leaves home earlier than he did before because 'bus services are curtailed and fewer trains are running. In office or factory, plant or shop, he works with his gas-mask handy.

He does a bit of shopping, that poor little bit of personal shopping that most men consider a dreadful strain on the family purse. He's got to pay more for underclothes, for socks, for shirts.

He fights in the black-out to board a 'bus at night and travels home in a dark train, more often than not standing. His newspaper is unread. When he does find an opportunity to read it, he won't be much better off.

He drops into the "local" and pays a penny a pint more for his beer, pays an extra penny for his packet of cigarettes. He stumbles out of the pub. into the blackness of the street.

BACON, butter, eggs, meat—are all dearer. He may have to foot the bill for a child or children evacuated to a safe area. If he goes to the cinema he probably sees for the same money as he paid before the war a programme lasting an hour less.

He husbands his already slender resources against the demands of increased income tax. Rates go on, and with them the additional burden of A.R.P. costs. He has had to meet bills for black-out material for his windows.

Who is he, this paragon, this man who bears so mutely and so bravely the financial burden thrust willy-nilly on his already laden shoulders? He's you, he's me, he's just the plain, ordinary man who pays the rates and taxes.

He's nobody, yet everybody; he's nothing, yet everything; he's unimportant, yet vital. He's paying the piper, yet presenting to the world a brave, unshaken front.

He doesn't call the tune, not a note of any tune. He's treated by the bureaucrats as a schoolboy. Ministries flummox him in a maze of red tape, pester him, annoy him, restrict him, badger him.

He survives by the grace of God one confusing muddle after another. The petrol muddle, the food muddle, the rationing muddle, the coal, gas and electricity muddle, yet he is still fair game for any blundering idiot sheltering behind the imposing facade of authority.

WHAT he wants now is a better deal. He wants less red tape. He wants a little more enlightenment on the progress of this amazing and unprecedented war. Above all, he wants, and is entitled to, a check on the muddlers creating such havoc in his life.

It's time those in high places realised that the man who pays has a sense of gratitude, if he's treated as an intelligent human being and not as a fool.

He's not worrying a great deal. He's paying cheerfully. In his mind he knows that the war *will* be won. He is determined that the war *shall* be won. And he—and his fellow-men—are prepared to make any sacrifice to ensure the ultimate victory.

He's the Hero of the Home Front!

HALF-A-GUINEA is paid for each of these extracts from the war time letters of mothers and sons. They contain a wealth of human interest. What about sending your war time family letters to "John Bull"?

Mother and SON

In every mail-bag delivered to the Services there are letters abounding with good humour, with tragedy and all the elements of a gallant human struggle

Dear Mum

I DON'T know whether it is a rumour, but some of the fellows here say they are trying to get pitmen out of the Army and back to the pits.

Please don't apply for me, if it's true.

I am eating well, sleeping well and getting on "spiffing" in the Army. I have put on 9½ lb. What's more important, I'm breathing God's fresh air. I'd much rather be here than down in that conveyor face in that mouldy heading.

If anybody wants me back in the pits, my answer is "No."

From France.

Everything is just as dad said it would be.

Women doing their washing in streams, on cement blocks, the bread sold to you by the yard, and so on.

But there are certain things that would surprise even him.

There was an air raid warning in our village. You would have screamed to see the women walking to air raid shelters with chairs for comfort, knitting to fill in the time, and food in case it was a long job.

And it turned out to be a false alarm!

From France.

What d'yer think?

I'm the owner of a seventh of a turkey. Seven of us have paid a farmer for it, and he's feeding it for us. My share is the left wing.

We've made proper arrangements to safeguard our interests in case we are moved suddenly.

Bert's its name, and we're teaching it to march.

Tell Margaret not to be so Smart Alick about criticising my spelling.

Kindly inform her that she has spelt "Corps" wrongly, and has put an "i" in Ordnance.

So even high school girls make mistakes!

From France.

We're still bound by Faith, Hope and Charity—Faith in the cause, a strong Hope that we shall be home soon with our job well done, and a determination to cadge cigarettes at every turn if we are broke, which is Charity.

Civilian life has got to offer me something fairly decent after this war is over if it wants to attract me from the Army.

From an Artillery Barracks.

Early to-morrow morning we leave for France. It may be some time before you hear from me. Also, my letters will have to be censored.

I am going to keep writing to Edith (his wife, who is about to become a mother) just as if there was nobody looking at my letters. It is your job, mother, to keep her cheerful.

It isn't the time I would have chosen to take part in a war, but I hold Hitler responsible for that.

I'm not a bit worried for myself, because it is a job that has got to be done, and we are the boys to do it.

From a Scottish Aerodrome.

Last week I was told I could go up for a "flip."

I was enjoying it immensely, when the pilot suddenly decided to try his hand at bomber dives, which means swooping and then suddenly soaring again.

I was sick when I landed.

My next job was to put sandbags round the sick bay, and I judged from the look of some of the patients' faces that some of them had been trying bomber dives, too.

From an infantryman in France. To appreciate this letter to the full one should first read an accompanying note in which his mother says:

"My boy writes four pages about a very sweet girl and not a word about war, which I think shows a true sense of values."

Do you know the only girl who has kept recurring in my mind? Little Molly B——! Yet I never noticed her on the dance floor.

And do you know the only one to think of me and write to me? The same little Molly B——. When I got her letter something seemed to jump inside me. Don't laugh, mother. It's true.

Listen, I've told her to send a photograph of herself. I don't think she possesses such a thing because she's so sensitive about the scar she received when she was knocked off her bicycle. You go and see her, mother, and tell her she must have one taken for me.

Tell her I want that photograph, scar and all.

Listen, mum, I know I like her now.

It's the girl you can't get out of your mind when you're alone on guard who matters, not the ones who cut a dash on a dance floor.

My dear Boy

HOW glad I was to open your letter and see a photograph of you tumble to the floor. I nearly fell over in trying to pick it up quickly.

It didn't enter my head whether it flattered you or not. All I bothered about was that it is you—and that you look well. So often when you tell me you are "in the pink" I wonder whether you really are.

What wonderful news that was in the newspapers about lads who left for France without leave being the first to get it. It may mean that I shall have you home for Christmas. It seems so wonderful that I can scarcely believe it is possible.

From Birkenhead.

I'd like you to see your dad at this moment.

I've made him a pot of paste, and he is all set to send you a weekly budget of cuttings from newspapers and magazines. He's commandeered the table so that I am having to write on my knee. A nice old mess he's making!

Do you know what I found the other day?

The little toy telescope I bought you when you went to Thurstaston. Do you remember how you used to dress up and PLAY at soldiers? I wish it were all play now, instead of the real thing.

It seems only yesterday, yet here you are in France.

There!—I'm hanged if dad hasn't knocked the paste over!

From Wales.

Soldiers who have been here nine weeks left on Wednesday, and as they marched to the station to entrain a big dog followed them. When they got into the train, he tried to get in with them but was prevented.

The poor thing seemed frantic, and when the train left he jumped on the line and followed it until his legs gave out. He was very distressed when they brought him back.

Ever since they left he has been lying down beside the remains of their cookhouse crying, just a homeless dog who knew happiness for a little time while the boys were here to feed and pet him.

Don't be disappointed

Readers can avoid the disappointment of finding the news-agents "out" of JOHN BULL only by placing regular orders.

They write to tell us that their Thursday evenings have been ruined because there was not a JOHN BULL to be had "for love or money." We can advise them only to order a copy in advance.

Difficulties of distribution beyond our control make it impossible for us to do any more.

So no more such miserable nights!

Instead, enjoy your JOHN BULL as usual, with the added feeling of comfort and security that is given by our Free Air Raid Insurance. It is yours for the asking, when you have ordered your JOHN BULL in advance.

Garage Makes Shells

"WELL, and how are carpets selling these days?" asked one manufacturer of another when they met in the smoking-room of a club in a North Country town.

"Carpets?" queried the other. "We haven't made one for three weeks. We're turning out blankets for the troops and for hospitals. Making a million a month."

Their conversation illustrates changes taking place "everywhere in England." Great manufacturing plants, small workshops, and even individuals, have been taking part in a country-wide switch-over from normal production to manufacturing goods needed for war.

Mr. Leslie Burgin is organising this quick-change in industry

Some industries have not been able to change to war time production.

Overwhelmed by the black-out, neon-lighting people have not yet found a method of adapting their methods of manufacture to new necessities.

Many of their technicians have joined the Royal Engineers as electricians, and research experts are experimenting with a low-voltage neon sign, showing a low blue light, yet invisible from the air.

Engineering changes are manifold. Hundreds of workshops that made machinery of various kinds are now turning out shells. Locomotive works are employed in producing tanks, and a famous marine engineering factory now makes only gun-carriages.

INSTEAD of the usual motor-car bodies, another factory is now concentrating on steel helmets and ammunition boxes.

A seaside garage, which did a fairly prosperous business in the days when thousands of cars brought thousands of holiday-makers to the beach at its doors, has been adapted to the production of light anti-aircraft shells. And a noted furnishing and upholstery firm now employs hundreds of women in making Army tents.

MANUFACTURERS of cinema organs are making aircraft components in metal, wood and bakelite.

Engineering firms that once produced sugar-refining machinery, mining machinery, bicycles and motor-car components, are creating shells, and manufacturers of deep-sea fishermen's nets are designing camouflage nets of the latest type for hiding buildings.

Firms that made tortoiseshell, shagreen and ivory fancy goods are now manufacturing jigs, gauges, stampings and models. Instead of hot-water bottles, other firms are turning out barrage balloons.

Sewing-machines of corset manufacturers have turned from their task of creating dainty, delicate garments for lingerie departments of stores to the simpler but perhaps more useful job of hem-stitching Army sheets.

Months before war started, the Ministry of Supply compiled a register of firms with plants that could be switched over to military production.

Assisted by the manufacturers, many of whom contributed ideas that were of the utmost value in planning the change-over, Government officials made all the necessary preparations.

In such industries as the mass-production tailoring firms, experts merely made sure that arrangements had been made to increase production of uniforms.

KEY men from firms that could not be utilised for producing war time essentials, yet had their production curtailed by hostilities, have become experts in the Services.

There is very little foreign travel—for pleasure—now, so those travel agency miracle men who could tell you in a minute how to go from Brighton to Baghdad by way of Iceland, are working as railway transport officers for troops, and as guide-interpreters or translators in various branches of Government service.

An experienced tourist guide is now accompanying two children of an Indian Maharajah from London to California. Doesn't seem a war job, but it is. Before the war, the Maharajah would have been content to consign them to the care of the ship's chief steward.

Britain's vast industrial machine, by dint of careful planning, is being transformed into an efficient organism that will be every bit as important as the Fighting Services in the successful prosecution of the war.

Happy Christmas

WITH "JOHN BULL'S" GREAT GIFT FOR EVERY READER

There could be no more welcome Christmas Gift either for a friend serving with the Colours or for those at home than the magnificent Gift Writing Sets offered by JOHN BULL on page 2.

JOHN BULL offers you a FREE Gift Voucher, which will be accepted as 2s. 9d. cash in part payment for JOHN BULL'S handsome Writing Set; also a FREE Gift Voucher, which will be accepted as 7s. 6d. cash in part payment for JOHN BULL'S superb 12s. 6d. Writing Set De Luxe.

There is sure to be a tremendous demand for these Gift Writing Sets. Do not delay!

"John Bull's" padre answers those who ask why God stands aside while so many people are tortured and driven from their homes by man's inhumanity

IS GOD A SPECTATOR?

by the Rev. PAT McCORMICK,

famed radio pastor

AMONG the many interesting letters I have received since starting these articles, some have come from people who don't find favour with what I have written. Their authors are rationalists, fundamentalists, pacifists and others with whose ideas I do not agree, and I feel the best thing we can do is to agree to differ.

I am not a controversialist; I want only to try to help those who desire to know what I think about their difficulties.

I answer some letters privately. Others shall be introduced to this page. In the former, which usually deal with private affairs, there is a letter from a Communist who did not "want to shove his opinions down my throat." I gladly tried to answer his question.

I do not pose as a "knowall," and I realise that Truth is many-sided. Sometimes we do not look at it from the same angle, but if we are genuine seekers after Truth I believe we will find it, even though we come to it by different roads.

Many of my correspondents find it difficult to reconcile the existence of war and its terrible effects on innocent people, especially women and children, with the belief that God is Love and our Father.

The suffering of the individual is what that individual has to bear. If a thousand people are killed or maimed by bombs, it is a terrible tragedy, but the total suffering is the suffering of each one, not of aggregate suffering, if you can call it that.

Such suffering is the result of man's wilfulness and sin. It cannot be attributed to God.

YET correspondents continue to wonder why God takes no notice.

"Is He just a spectator, even if sorrowing, doing nothing because He will not force man to do His will?" they ask.

To believe this would be an outrage on the God revealed by Christ.

Because God is Love, He must always be working and active, or else the word Love is a misnomer.

The Christian religion teaches us that God revealed His love in the life of Christ, whom St. Paul calls the express image of God. The only way for God to reveal His love to man was by coming Himself.

He had tried to reveal Himself through various prophets and teachers of the Old Testament, but none of them was able to reveal the full wonder of God's love

Man could not conceive the wonder of this love. So God came Himself.

If we want to know what God is like we have to look at the acts and the teaching of Christ.

He revealed that His greatness was not in His power, or those attributes that usually come to our mind when we think of God.

He was the active minister, the servant, if you like, of men.

Do you remember the dramatic scene in the Upper Room the night before the Crucifixion?

Jesus took a towel and girded Himself with it and went round and washed the feet of all the disciples.

He told them that as He did this to them, so they must do it to others. That is what God is willing to do for us.

He taught the disciples that they must be humble and meek, which does not mean weak, as so many people seem to think. Have you ever thought of God as having the qualities of humility and meekness? Yet they are part of Love, and part of the desire to serve and help.

HE showed that Love results in suffering.

This is a great mystery, when you believe that God is Love.

Christ had to suffer not only physically, but also mentally. Yet He went through it all, knowing that He was doing the Father's Will, and the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross."

Behind the suffering of God is the joy of final victory not only of His Will but also of His children.

God can't be a mere Spectator.

He must be in the thick of the fight with His children, and be doing His utmost to help them.

We shall try to see how He is doing this next week.

GRIN and BEAR it!

by

OLIVER PLUSH

THE Mass Observation organisation, which studies and analyses public opinion, is inviting its members to report on "the six main inconveniences of war time on the home front."

It didn't take us long to fill in our coupon:

1. Controllers.
2. Min. of Inf.
3. Shortage of glowworms for use by pedestrians during black-out.
4. Gas warfare (by the therm merchants).
5. Controllers.
6. "

Missing Friends

(Rats are overrunning the Corporation's refuse camp at Romney, Kent: The reason? The gas used for killing them comes from Germany and is no longer obtainable.)

Adolf sat with a dismal list,
Which he studied with angry frown,
Of those whose help he had hoped to claim
In his hour of trouble, in friendship's name;
"Ach himmel!" he groaned, "it's a blinkheim shame!"
For they'd all of them turned him down!

Japan. Benito and dear old Joe—
Not one of them cared a cent
For him, it seemed, and he shed a tear,
Till Goebbels entered, his gloom to clear,
With news of allies who hold him dear—
The rats of Romney, Kent!

Always Blowing Goebbels

"We know that truth will always come out on top. We give nothing but the naked truth."—Goebbels, broadcasting to German youth.

Goebbels has always been like this. As a child, his inflexible devotion to truth provided Germany with one of its national legends.

On his sixth birthday he received as a present a little hatchet, which delighted him immensely. After playfully using it to split open the heads of a couple of non-Aryan children, he got to work and cut down his father's favourite cherry tree.

The old boy was furious when he saw the wreck. "Ach himmel!" he cried; "who my cherry tree has mucken up?"

His son stepped manfully forward. "I cannot tell a lie, fader," he affirmed; "young Winston Churchill did it with his little torpedo."

Those Slogans

"We each must do our bit to win
This war," goes forth the cry.
But some regard this as a clue
Forthwith to set to work and do
Their neighbours in the eye!

"We all must pull together,"
Loud the exhortation rings;
And wanglers, quite a few, we know
Who heartily agree, and so
Are busy pulling strings!

Sez 'Enery

"Don't you feel sorry for pore ole Joe Stalin?" enquired 'Enery.

"I don't see why."

"Well, 'ow'd you like it if them great big bullyin' Finns wos adoptin' an aggressive attitood?"

"I see what you mean."

"I s'pose it's only natchral for Joe to reckon there must be somethin' fishy abaht Finns. But I jest 'ate to think of 'im sittin' tremblin' in th' Kremlin in case pore lil Russia is attacked."

"Same as Hitler when he had the wind-up about Poland invading Germany, eh?"

"That's right. An' now 'ere's Norway cockin' a snook at Adolf."

"You mean over the 'City of Flint'? Good luck to 'em, I say!"

"Yes, but there can't be much fun abaht bein' a blinkin' dictator wiv orl these 'ere small nations becomin' so darned uppish. 'Strewth! for orl 'e's gettin' of 'is own way, pore ole 'Itler might jest as well be a married man!"

"Pity he isn't!"

"That's wot a lot of unthinkin' people say; but, blimey, we don't want any more little 'Itlers brought into th' world! There's a dashed sight too many already—dahn in White'all!"

War Time Growths

According to a chiropodist, "during a war women's feet show a tendency to increase in size."

We're no phrenologists, but we've noticed that the same tendency is shown by bureaucrats' heads.

Through Other Eyes

"Can the world still turn in a gas mask?"

"Akher Saa," Cairo

"The Home coming of Marxism"

"Aux Écoutes," Paris

Old Bill on the Home Front

by Bruce Bairnsfather

Dear Son,—Glad to hear you are getting on all right in France. It ain't in the public interest for you to know where I am, but I can tell yer I'm south of a line drawn from our house to the Coffee Stall at Charing Cross"

The Biggest Lie . . .

Six German business men sitting in a Munich café decided to have a "biggest lie" competition.

"It happened one day when the Fuehrer decided to give the nation a few home-truths—" began the first.

"All right, Otto," said the others. "You win."

* * *

Of course, our troops don't really intend to hang their washing on the Siegfried line. It's too wet.

But we're all for inviting the Germans to hang their washing on the Maginot Line, just to watch their chagrin as they explain (1) that rationing only permits them one vest, and (2) that they've got no soap.

From Armentières

But weren't we talking about lies a moment ago? Best that comes from our own side is:—

"Dear Mother,—I'm serving among such a splendid lot of chaps. All nine hundred of them are teetotallers like myself. The French girls smile at us, of course, but we are all of a very serious type, and have no time for flirting."

Teuton Tables

Incidentally, the infant son of the man who writes the German war communiqués was overheard at his lessons the other day:—

"One and one make nine,
Two and two make fifty.
Three and three make ninety-one . . ."

And when his teacher asked: "If you have ten U-boats and I take away seven, what's the result?" he merely replied: "I'll deny it."

Dog Days

German dogs over 16 inches high, which may be requisitioned for military purposes, are to be supplied with ration cards. Smaller dogs may be the subject of a later scheme.

Oh where, Oh where is mein liddle dog gone?
Ach himmel! but dat am de question.
A week ago now he iss gone astray—
And dat ersats sausage I eat to-day
Has giffen me indigestion!

* * *

There was an extraordinary happening in a Biggleswick church during a christening the other day.

The parson asked, "What do you name this child?" and the mother had just replied, "Adolf," when the baby raised its head, scowled, and with the full force of a three-weeks-old pair of lungs, bellowed:—

"By heck you don't!"

Of course, it would have expressed itself more strongly if there hadn't been a parson present.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS

WICKED "WAR CHARITIES"

Don't be Fooled by these Appeals

HERE are some dubious "war time charities" that you should shun.

The Rev. T. E. H. Jones is trying to cash in with a "Literature Mission Scheme" he is running from West Regent Street, Glasgow.

A reader, answering an advertisement in a provincial paper for a man to organise a local committee to arrange for comforts to be sent to hospitals and camps, received a glowing picture of the prospects from Mr. Jones.

A drawing of a soldier in bed receiving a parcel from a nurse adorned the letter heading. And it was explained that 8s. out of every pound collected was paid to the collectors!

The same old racket!

By the time other "expenses" are accounted for, there would be precious little left to provide parcels for soldiers, sailors and airmen.

Mr. Lewis Jones, M.P., Parliamentary Charity Commissioner, who can be relied upon to curtail the operations of war charity exploiters

Mr. Jones mentioned that money could be obtained by collections from houses, sales of work, Bible classes, tea meetings, socials and other means.

I hope to be in time to stop him obtaining as much as a postage stamp.

This glaring instance, one of many, of how quickly charity masqueraders have pounced on public sympathy shows that the Government should instantly revive the War Charities Act, which proved a most effective check in the last war.

Don't be gulled by the "British Soldiers' Library," of Golden Square, London, W.

According to a Major Basil Hay, who is behind it, the scheme has been passed by the Ministry of Information, but that is nonsense. Its real object is to palm off old copies of novels at a handsome profit.

West of England housewives have been badgered by a faker, calling himself "The Elephant Man," who offers an elephant charm worth about a farthing. He asks for subscriptions for crippled soldiers.

The Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Wool Gathering Organisation distributes leaflets to children. Parents are asked to send them back with parcels of woollen clothing, and the children are promised a threepenny-piece. Cool cheek, that!

A.R.P. Home for Child Convalescents is the excuse used by other collectors in Liverpool. There is a home, but it has only two beds and most of the money collected goes in the usual "expenses."

There will be many sound war time charities to which you should give all you can, but make sure first about the bona fides of any appeal.

Watch 'Em!

DOORSTEP dodgers are getting bolder.

Some of them are even impudently misusing the names of manufacturers of well-known branded goods.

A man travelling in a van told householders in one district of Birmingham the other day that if they gave an order for a Persil product they would receive certain commodities free, there and then and be entitled to participate in a gift scheme started by manufacturers of Persil.

Lever Brothers, who with Crosfield Brothers have a joint interest in Persil, tell me that the whole thing is a fraud. And they are taking immediate action.

* * *

The name of Imperial Tobacco Company, makers of Players cigarettes, is being used by another touring cheat.

Armed with an unauthorised visiting-card and literature, he is telling small shopkeepers that there is likely to be difficulty in securing delivery of cigarettes.

If they are willing to place an order for not less than six guineas' worth and pay a third of the amount in advance, he promises they will be given preference.

The Imperial Tobacco Company know nothing about any such arrangement. They are on his track.

Dog-Lovers Duped

"I HAVE been in business 35 years, and I have never had anyone write to me in the manner you have done," protested Patrick Weir, art dealer, to a woman dog breeder who was tired of waiting for four miniatures on which she had paid a substantial deposit.

He omitted to mention what business!

It was only when the woman, who lives at Thame, Oxfordshire, communicated with the police that she found Weir's activities for those 35 years had been strung together with fraud, theft and embezzlement.

Among the most pompous rogues in my records, he has so far managed to evade a criminal charge in this miniature paintings ramp by fulfilling a small part of the order as soon as any of his victims approached the police.

Hundreds of people in various parts of the country have suffered, many of them so completely deluded that they paid the total amount of the order—anything from ten to twenty guineas—in advance.

They were all impressed by the fairy tale that he had done work for notable people.

Having shown paintings of some of them, including the Duke of Windsor, he went on to claim personal friendship with a number of titled people.

Yet he has been in and out of jail since 1905. He is there now for a short spell. Not for this big racket of miniature paintings, but because he obtained credit without disclosing that he was a bankrupt.

Weir's real name is Myer Weiner.

The concern through which he has been trading recently is Weir's Miniatures, of Charing Cross Road, London. It is registered in his son's name, but there is no doubt that Weir is the owner.

He Fattens on Air-Raid Fears

GEORGE MASON, Prime Humbug, of Winchester Street, South Shields, has turned himself into Mason's War Patents Company. Anything does for this Jack-of-all-Ramps, so long as he can fool people into parting with money.

"One live man, woman or child is worth one million dead ones" is the slogan with which he flaunts his new marvels. Most of them seem to resemble the cure-all remedies for popular ailments that he tried to sell before the war.

There is a spray fluid which is supposed to be anti-everything that may come from bombs in an air raid.

"Just sprinkle some on your handkerchief, bedding, chairs and so on and it kills germs as well as gas instantly," boasts his leaflet. Last time I heard of his spray it was as an idea for theatres and cinemas!

Then there is a so-called bullet-proof waistcoast.

When you get down to the small type, it is merely claimed to be protection against splinters from bombs, shrapnel and bullets.

This genius seems to have something for everything, but you'll be foolish if you let him have a penny of your money.

DEBT THREAT

CYRIL JAMES PICKERING, alias the Catherine Press, Limited, alias the British Travel Association, alias the United Kingdom Holiday Guide, is now sending out "final" notices from what is called the "Debt Recovery Department" of the Catherine Press, now of King's Road, Brighton.

Pickering, in earlier threatening letters, said that he did not want clients to have to pay court fees.

I think Mr. Pickering, if he is foolish enough to issue summonses, will find it is *he* who will be involved in expenses for court fees!

Elsie is Elusive

WHEN a smartly dressed woman, giving the name of "Mrs. Llewellyn," arrived as a paying guest at a large country house near Exeter, she explained that her husband was in France with his regiment and she had come there to finish off a novel.

There seemed no reason to doubt her.

She brought a considerable amount of luggage and spent much of her time writing in her room. When she did mingle with other guests, they were charmed by her lively conversation.

Her account steadily mounted, but the owner of the house was not unduly worried. Now she wishes she had been more inquisitive. One afternoon when she was out, the charming authoress vanished. And she took all her luggage with her!

That wasn't the only shock.

Tradesmen in Exeter had been tricked. One jeweller had allowed "Mrs. Llewellyn" to take away a £40 ring on approval.

This woman has swindled for a living for years.

Her real name is believed to be Habberfield, but Scotland Yard knows her by a long string of aliases. "The Hon. Mrs. Marshall," "Lady Marshall" and "Lady Elsie Carlton" are among the most imposing.

Since she first started her frauds in 1914 she has been in jail nine times.

She is forty-nine, looks ten years younger, and the police look on her as a most accomplished actress.

NEW PROTECTION RACKET

GUARDIAN angel of traders is the rôle now adopted by a Mr. L. Geoffrey Harris, who has been sending out literature, boosting his Emergency Glass Replacement Association and the Advertisers' Protection Association, from Connaught Street, London, W.

In one instance, members paying ten shillings are assured that all windows, except plate-glass, broken in an air raid will be replaced. In another he undertakes to protect members, also for ten shillings, against what he describes as "useless advertising." He offers to negotiate the right kind of advertising at special rates.

That is not all.

If members are wrongly advised about advertising they will be indemnified for any loss up to £200.

Wonderful! Yet one shopkeeper, who was approached by one of Harris's canvassers, took the precaution of dialling the telephone number printed on the pamphlet.

He found that the premises belonged to a firm of house agents. They explained that Harris had rented a small basement room at 12s. a week in August, but they had not seen him lately.

Letters bearing no address had been received from him in which he regretted that he had not paid rent due. He promised to do so when he could.

It would be far cheaper to mend your own windows than depend on this ramshackle offer.

Public Benefactor

Mrs. C. Harris, of St. Agatha's Road, Ward End, Birmingham, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for furnishing me with information about a new ramp that I am hoping to stamp out speedily.

Write to me with details of any scandal or grievance. It may seem trivial to you, but your letter might lead you to doing a much bigger service than you imagine.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

HERE'S ONE FOOD THAT HASN'T GONE UP

Your family can still be well nourished

EVEN if it's harder to make both ends meet now, don't sacrifice the nourishment your family need more than ever these days. Economise the right way by giving them Bournville Cocoa for breakfast and supper. There's real food value in Bournville Cocoa. A cupful, made with all milk, is equal to ¼ lb. of beefsteak or two eggs. And you get 28 cupfuls from a ¼ lb. of Bournville — it's still sixpence! 11d. for a ½ lb. tin — a real bargain.

SHE HADN'T THOUGHT OF BOURNVILLE COCOA
Mother: I'd have thought that was plenty, dear.
Father: Somehow it wasn't satisfying. Now the nights are so cold it takes a thumping big supper to keep me cheerful!
SHE GAVE THEM BOURNVILLE COCOA
Father: This is the best time of the day, dear, when you give us our Bournville!
Mother: You're all thriving on it, anyway.
Fred: How about another cup, Mum?

Bournville Cocoa is the bright spot of blackout evenings, as these photos show. Read below how Bournville solved still another of the new wartime problems.

Farmer's Wife

Doubled family overnight

'I had two children of my own at home, Albert, 11, and Belle, 2, when the billeting officer asked me to take in two evacuated children from London (Camberwell), Roy and Leslie, aged 10 and 8,' says Mrs. Hilda Newman, a Berkshire farmer's wife. 'My neighbours said that doubling my family like that would mean a lot of extra work and trouble and expense, but it didn't worry me a bit. I'd already learnt the secret of Bournville Cocoa and know that it is a real godsend to busy mothers trying to keep their children well and fit on a limited budget. Now all the children have Bournville Cocoa every evening for supper and it's doing them so much good and keeping them wonderfully fit and I have the satisfaction of knowing that they're having the best there is —and that I can afford to give it to them.'

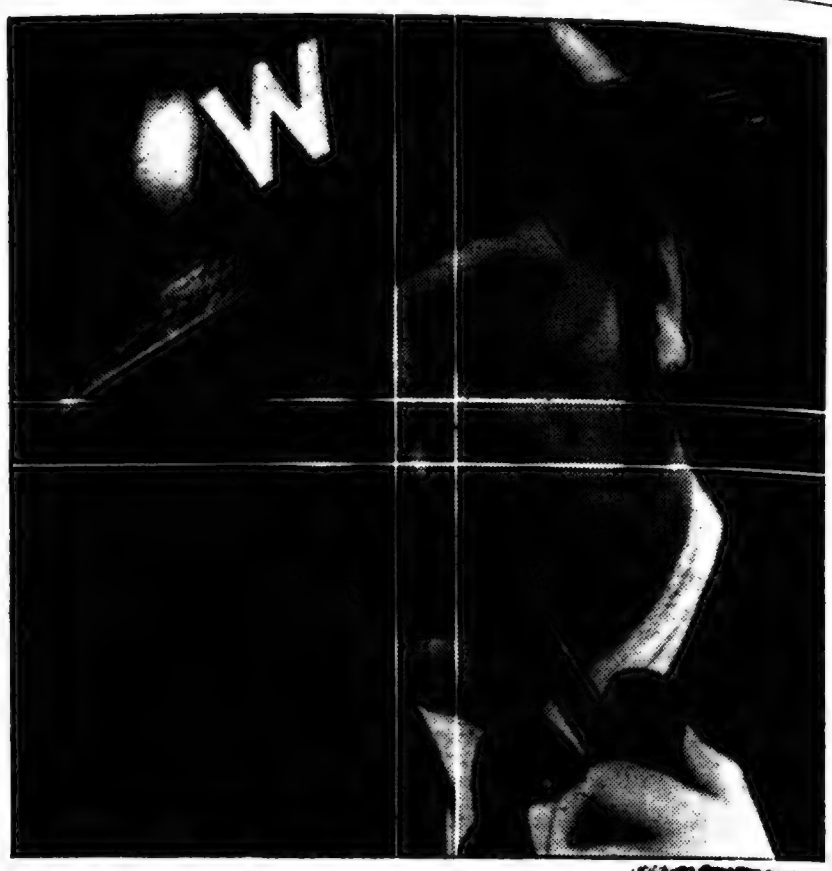
BEGIN SAVING ON BOURNVILLE TO-DAY

Plenty of Bournville Cocoa in the house means more money left in your purse towards coal and rent and clothes. If you can't always buy exactly what you'd like for supper there's always Bournville Cocoa to finish up with and leave everybody contented and well fed. Save money and yet give your family *extra* nourishment. Give them delicious, satisfying Bournville Cocoa.

CADBURY'S

BOURNVILLE COCOA

— A CUP OF COCOA IS A CUP OF FOOD



"No artificial lighting in my sector . . .

and no artificial flavouring in my pipe.

What I want is a good straight tobacco to carry me through the long night vigils. Take Four Square for instance. A *real* tobacco. There's no Ersatz in Four Square, it's far too good to need any artificial flavouring. Eight fine blends to choose from, from one and three ha'pence an ounce. Vacuum packed too — even the one ounces — so every pipeful is as fresh as the night is long. And that's a warden's recipe for peace!"

FOUR SQUARE

FOR 'MIXTURE' SMOKERS		FOR 'VIRGINIA' SMOKERS	
Mixture (Green)	1/1½d oz	Cut Cake (Yellow)	1/2d oz
Curlies (Purple)	1/1½d oz	Ripe Brown (Brown)	1/2d oz
Mixture—Original (Blue)	1/5½d oz	Matured Virginia—Original (Red)	1/6d oz
„ —Medium (Light Blue)	1/5½d oz	„ Virginia—Ready-Rubbed (Red)	1/6d oz

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES: Standard size (Plain or Cork-Tipped): 20 for 1/2d
Large size: 20 for 1/4d

8 TOBACCOS FROM 1/1½—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING

George Dobie & Son, Ltd. (Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since 1809), Paisley, Scotland

WHY GERMANY FINANCED LENIN!

FOR YEARS Bolshevism has been Germany's Enemy No. 1, yet it was Germany who set in motion the Russian Revolution. It was German money that enabled Lenin to win the day against the Russian Government! Why did she finance the father of Bolshevism?

The veil has at last been lifted in an astounding, revealing article which is one of over 40 brilliant articles and features in the 132 page December issue of "Parade," now on sale. For sixpence there is no finer reading value than "Parade's" informative and authoritative articles and features, condensed for quick, easy reading.

Get your copy of "Parade" to-day, and make sure of it every month by placing a standing order with your newsagent.

132 PAGES—40 ARTICLES AND FEATURES

GENIUS FOR A NIGHT
THE ONE MAN HITLER FEARS
SCIENTIFIC HELL
WHEN YOUR CHILD IS AFRAID
FAMOUS LOVE LETTERS
AMERICA'S AIR FORCE
WATCH YOUR STEP!
WHERE DO DEAD MEN GO?
ETC., ETC., ETC.

PARADE
NOW ON SALE 6D.

Men who had come into the school three hours before as raw material were working in co-ordination as a gun team—under expert guidance

Deck-hand into Gunner

This Admiralty Magic makes it possible for the Red Duster to fly in defiance of Nazi pirates

"Submarine on the port quarter . . ." cried the look-out, and a klaxon horn, attached to the bridge rail of the storm-tossed tramp, sounded the alarm.

From every corner of the ship came the gun crew, firemen with sweat rags on their necks, men from the "watch below" half-dressed, and while the young second mate levelled his glasses at the distant grey streamlined hull of the U-boat, the gun crew swung open the breech block, rammed home the charges and shell.

"Range 040 . . . deflection twelve right . . . control." "Ready," cried the gun-layer, and as the officer nodded there was a deafening thud from the three-incher.

The fight was on. Another lonely British steamer was fighting it out with a U-boat, keeping her stern to the pirate to offer as little target as possible.

WHEN the radio announcer describes such a "gun-fight" between a merchant-ship and a submarine, he reveals yet another of these matter-of-fact miracles that the British Admiralty seems to have a knack of producing.

Through good navigation a steamer may evade a U-boat as she rolls in the deep troughs of the Atlantic swell, but how can a crew of Mercantile Marine officers "shoot it out," shell for shell, with an efficient crew of German gunners firing from the deck of a U-boat?

Not a British merchant vessel was armed when U-boats started their campaign of piracy.

Not a deep-water British vessel leaves port to-day without being equipped with a gun for anti-submarine operations. And each gun is manned by a crew of Merchant Service seamen gunners who have been specially trained.

EIGHT men, as well as the gun-layer, are required in an efficient team.

Some of their jobs, such as sight-setting and the breech-work, require a high degree of intelligence and quickness of thought.

It would seem impossible to provide such gun teams out of the crews of Merchantmen, yet the Navy is training these men not in months or in weeks, but IN HOURS.

A JOHN BULL representative, visiting an Admiralty school "somewhere in London," found a batch of men had just arrived from a ship that was to be fitted with a gun before it sailed in two days.

There were three seamen, the ship's carpenter, three firemen, a steward and the ship's first mate. Some young, some middle-aged, all of them shy—but very earnest and keen.

A naval petty-officer instructor led them to the type of gun that was to be fitted to their ship. After an intensive hour of explanation of the gun's mechanism, the instructor had picked out the most suitable men for various gun positions.

TWO big firemen were allotted No. 3 and No. 5—rammer and loader respectively. The carpenter, who knew something about figures, was made sight-setter, the steward was put on the breech, and two seamen made trainer and cartridge supply.

For another hour they were trained in the work of their various positions on a dummy "loader," first individually and then as a team. Afterwards they were drilled in slow time, then in fast time. Men who had come into the school three hours before as raw material were working in perfect co-ordination.

In the afternoon, the men were each put on sight-setting and training practice, then put through the whole drill again, from "action stations."

The first mate was taken through another course. He would act as fire control officer in the ship, and a naval gunnery expert was initiating him into the mysteries of "fall of shot," straddling and deflection.

On the blackboard, he learned the sequence of action orders and was then introduced to practice "spotting" and fire-control.

At one end of the room was the "spotting table." Against a certain distance mark was a tiny model submarine with just the conning tower showing. The officer was given a pair of field-glasses and told to sit on a chair at the other end of the room. When he focussed his glasses through a small window at the end of the spotting table, he saw the submarine "in the far distance."

His task was to estimate distance and call out the range and deflection. The instructor manipulated a dial according to these orders, then pressed a button. Through his glasses the officer saw a "watersplash" (actually a brass stud) spring up where his shot would have fallen.

It was too short and to the left of the target. He gave another estimate, correcting the range until he made a "hit."

A THOUSAND members of more than 120 ships' crews have been passed through this school since the war began, to be trained to defend themselves.

The commander and his petty-officer assistants, modest about such success, praise the high standard of education and intelligence of merchant seamen.

No amount of modesty can cancel out such a splendid achievement. Through the work of such Admiralty schools, the Red Duster can now ride Atlantic gales, proudly defying Nazi pirates.

TOMMY, JACK AND BILL

NO WAY TO TREAT A HERO

MR. W. LOWRY, thirty-two-year-old Londoner, is eager to do his bit for his country, but JOHN BULL thinks his country should do a bit for Mr. Lowry.

Provisionally accepted as a Guards recruit, he failed to pass the final medical examination. So he enlisted in the Royal Artillery and was ordered to report in ten days.

In the meantime, he had to live.

Having no money, yet needing 12s. or 13s. for food and lodging, he applied to the Unemployment Assistance Board and was referred to the relieving officer, who refused to give him a penny.

He was told to enter a workhouse!

Equally pitiless are Means Test extortioners filching the few shillings that young soldiers are sending to unemployed or sick parents.

While many public assistance committees take a liberal attitude towards such voluntary allotments, others are using them as an excuse for reducing parents' relief allowances.

Parliament must demand a clear ruling which local thumbscrew zealots cannot disobey.

Our Free Advice Service has been able to help many victims of official meanness as well as thousands of Servicemen's families perplexed by the host of new military and civil regulations.

We give a further selection of readers' queries and an outline of the answers we have made:

J. S., Surrey.—"I was born in Peru, of British parentage, and have lived here for some years. Does the Compulsory Military Service Act apply to me?"

Best get an official decision from the Nationality Dept., Home Office, Cleland House, Page Street, London, S.W.1.

W. R., Dublin.—"Is it worth my while coming to Britain to try to join up? I have had three attacks of rheumatic fever, which has slightly weakened my heart."

You would probably be rejected or placed in a low grade.

A. H., Southport.—"My soldier son is stationed near-by and sleeps at home. Do I get any allowance for lodging him?"

He should apply to his unit for the billeting fee of sixpence a night, made payable to you.

Mrs. D., Rhondda.—"My husband and I have been separated for many years. Now he is an Army officer and says he can claim an allowance for myself and the children."

Yes, allowances for wives and children are paid direct to officers concerned, not to wives, as with other ranks.

Are you, too, in doubt?

Whether your question arises from the allowances of Soldier Tommy, Sailor Jack or Airman Bill, or agreements between landlord and tenant, hire purchase or mortgage arrangements, you can obtain expert advice at the cost of a three-halfpenny stamp.

So write to JOHN BULL about it!

Dregs of a Clue

3-Minute Mystery

"I ADMIT that there's been trouble between Bates and me," explained Private Jones when questioned by Captain John Connolly, of the Intelligence. "But I didn't poison him.

"I was only blowing off steam when I threatened to kill Bates if ever I was given the chance. I didn't mean it."

"How do you account for being seen coming out of Bates's room only half-an-hour before his body was found?" asked Connolly.

"I went in to make my peace with him. I am going overseas in three days and I didn't want to leave any enemies behind."

"Did you make it up?"

"We both decided to let bygones be bygones. I wasn't there more'n ten minutes. You could've knocked me down with a feather when the police arrested me.

"You've got to help me, Captain. They'll hang me if you don't. They won't believe I didn't do it. But I didn't."

"I'll see what I can do," said Connolly. "I believe your story."

Connolly opened the door of Bates's room, and the sweet, sickly odour of the disinfectant wafted out to him.

"That stuff's worse than cheap scent," he remarked. "It clings to a room for hours!"

He picked up a discoloured glass and sniffed gently.

"That's the glass," he commented. "The disinfectant's been mixed with whisky."

"Why hasn't this glass been removed?" he asked a policeman.

"The photographic squad hasn't been here yet, sir. That's why everything was left just as it was."

"Was the man lying on his bed like this when found?"

"Yes, sir. He was just dying when someone heard him moaning. The glass was on the table and the doctor says it was disinfectant that killed him."

"H'm. Interesting. Jones should never have been arrested. This is suicide, not murder."

HOW DID CONNOLLY KNOW?

—TURN TO PAGE 24.

HANNEN SWAFFER

introduces you to our greatest "scientific soldier"

"There is little of the martinet about him"

Dill Can't Get that Holiday

GORT? Ironside? Dill? Will any great military reputation emerge from this war?

There are experts, I am told, who regard Major-General Sir John Dill as "our greatest general since Marlborough." They mean the best all-rounder. Both Gort and Ironside are said to regard him as a master strategist. We may see. . . .

Military reputations are made on the battlefield. That also is the place where they are lost. . . .

And, in these days of mechanisation, who is to estimate the part played by a general behind the lines?

Sir John Dill, who now commands the 1st Corps of the British Expeditionary Force, is an Ulsterman who, born in 1881, had the ambition, as a boy of eight, to become a navvy. He wanted a job in which he could tie his trousers up with string!

Public-school life at Cheltenham cured whatever remained of those boyish yearnings. He went on to Sandhurst, and entered the Army soon enough to see a bit of fighting in South Africa.

When war began in 1914, Dill was at the Staff College—with Ironside, now Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Often at night the two would argue how the war should be won, invariably differing, but good friends.

THEY went into our new war together—except that Ironside had to remain at the War Office, in the place Sir William Robertson filled last time. Dill went overseas.

Dill's reputation is that of a scientific soldier. He studies troop psychology, from life. There is little of the martinet about him.

When the King visited the Aldershot Command recently, an old sweat so far forgot himself as to break ranks and shout: "God bless you, Sir!"

N.C.O.'s paled, and turned away as if an H. M. Bateman drawing had come to life.

Dill beamed as if that little human touch had made the day a success, whatever else happened.

Dill wasn't known much till September, 1935—only four years ago!

Then, Director of Operations, he drove round to the War Office to get his favourite pipe before setting off on a holiday in Scotland.

He was just about to leave again when he was seen by Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, who said: "Why, if it isn't the very man we've been looking for!"

"I'm off on holiday," said Dill.

"No you are not," replied the Field-Marshal. "The Cabinet decided, a few minutes ago, that you are to take charge in Palestine. You can't go now."

"Not, even for a week-end?"

"Well, it will have to be a short week-end," replied Deverell.

DILL left the War Office, to discover, outside, that there was no car. It had been stolen!

It was found later on a country road, pilfered and wantonly damaged.

That was in 1935. **The world has been so mad ever since that Dill has not yet had that holiday.**

Well, in Palestine, Dill was such a success that an Arab leader offered £500 for his head, dead or alive. . . .

Smith-Dorrien distinguished his command at Aldershot by a sort of honour system and allowing the soldiers to wear civvies on leave. Dill, when he got to Aldershot, suspended ten Army sports meetings!

"What!" exclaimed the Tommies. "Is this new guy going to ban sport?"

Dill soon explained. His view was that too many high-calibre sportsmen were going into the Army more or less as professional athletes.

Excused ordinary duties to enable them to keep at the top pitch of training, they collected far more "pots" than they could have done in civilian life; in fact, they were little more than pot-hunters, living on the fat of the land.

Men who served in the last war remember those people. They crowded the bases, and rarely got nearer the front line. Indeed, a colleague of mine laughed, the other day, over his own story.

"WHEN I was first sent up the line early in 1916," he said, "I was asked whether I played cricket. When I said I played brilliantly, I was put on a headquarters' staff, unlikely ever to hear a shot fired.

"When the cricket season opened and my lot played another, I was out for a duck and missed two catches.

"'Who's that —— swine?' yelled my colonel, to my sergeant, the captain of our team. 'Who the hell dug him up. He's useless! Send him to the guns!'"

In Aldershot, Dill made "sportsmen" return to their ordinary duties, and stopped all special concessions aimed at making "gladiators."

When Dill was sure that the ordinary soldier, who had been driven out of Army sport, could return with a fair prospect of winning something, if only credit, he not only allowed sports meetings to begin again, but tried to get more of them.

OF middle height, burly, fair-haired, and with a nice easy manner, Sir John—he was knighted in 1937—has a reputation for never rushing things unnecessarily.

He hates bullying N.C.O.'s, always stresses that men training troops should do so patiently, and carefully.

Four years ago, he attended German manœuvres officially. He had dinner with the German Commander-in-Chief, General Willie von Fritsch, and with General von Blomberg, Lieut.-General Beck and Major-General von Reichenau.

The only one he really liked was Willie von Fritsch. . . .

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Night-time Blues

MOST people have had the painful experience of lying awake in the night, wrestling with a problem that assumes terrifying proportions as the clock slowly ticks its way towards the dawn.

A feeling of complete despair begins to settle on you, and in the end you fall asleep again through sheer mental and nervous exhaustion.

You don't feel any too good in the morning, but the problem that seemed quite hopeless in the night doesn't look so difficult in daylight. You begin to see a way of coping with it.

You've been through that, haven't you? We all have.

When you waken in the night only a bit of you is conscious. Only the surface of your brain, so to speak, begins working. You're not capable of thinking coldly and logically. You can only think idly, and, with your bodily and mental energy at its lowest ebb, you are bound to distort facts.

If you find yourself falling a victim to "Night-time Blues" don't give way. Wake yourself thoroughly. Put the light on and read. Walk about the house for a few minutes. Do anything, but for heaven's sake do something.

It's the only way to kill night-time depression.

If you tackle it seriously with the knowledge of why you're doing whatever you decide to do you'll quickly find your sense of perspective working again and go back to bed to sleep soundly.

SITTIN P

THOUSANDS of people ask silly questions. In September, almost before a shot had been fired on the Western Front, they were asking, "When's this war going to end?"

Now in mid-November they are asking their neighbours, their barbers, their charwomen and the newspapers: "When's this war going to begin?"

The first question was silly because nobody, with the possible exception of Adolf Hitler, could have answered it at all. The second is sillier because the war is far advanced in our favour and the Allies are "sitting pretty."

The card player who holds most of the court cards and most of the trumps is "sitting pretty." The jockey with a stone in hand is "sitting pretty," and doesn't need to force the pace.

And the Allies, playing their quiet waiting game all along the Western Front and all over the Seven Seas, are "sitting pretty," too.

WE are making no attack upon the Siegfried Line—but why should we? We are on the outside of the ring; Germany is on the inside. Germany may want to break out, but we have no need to break in.

Long before the invasion of Poland the Nazi Press was plugging the "encirclement" chorus. Goebbels and the lesser loud speakers hurled abuse at us because, they said, Great Britain was scheming to surround Germany with opponents.

That was not true. Nazi Germany, the bully of Europe, was feared by her smaller neighbours and distrusted by the Western Democracies. To that extent only, a watchful defensive ring had begun to form.

But it was Hitler himself who made encirclement a fact.

To gratify his crazy lust for power, he sought the pact with Russia. Then he invaded Poland, and within a few weeks he had turned all Germany into a vast "concentration camp."

For Soviet Russia, completing those last sectors of the ring fence which the Allies could not have built without her, has cut Nazi Germany off from the Baltic, manned a strong frontier through Poland, and barred the way to the south-east. Whatever Southern neutrals are not protected by Russia are protected by our staunch friends, the Turks.

Across the Brenner Pass stands Fascist Italy, neutral still, but with little fondness for any friend of Russia.

AND there remain to complete the circle Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, all armed to the teeth and resolved at all costs to defend their neutrality against the only possible aggressor.

Look at the map of Europe and see for yourselves how completely Hitler has achieved his own encirclement.

He, at all events, is not asking when this war is going to begin.

He knows that it has begun in deadly earnest.

There are two courses open to Adolf Hitler, and each is perilous.

He can bid his generals mark time behind the Siegfried Line all through the coming winter, and they may obey him and "wait for it." But will the German people wait?

The British Navy, keeping the sea roads open for the Allies and shut for the Nazis, ensures that we are "sitting pretty" for supplies—essential food and materials

They have been nurtured on lies. They have been promised a swift and almost bloodless victory. They were assured that Britain and France would not fight.

How long will they stand the disillusion of inactivity and the certainty of short commons and bankrupt credit?

Dictators have never been able to wait. They dare not mark time too long.

Hitler knows this. That is why the harried little house-painter, who imagines himself another Napoleon, pores over his maps and then summons his army leaders to fresh conferences.

They can give him little comfort, for how can Hitler hope to break out of the ring which he has builded? They say that he is studying strategy now, but it is more than twenty years too late.

Making fine speeches does not win wars. Hitler ranks high among the world's famous tub-thumpers, but on the field of battle what chance does an untrained ex-corporal stand when matched against a Gamelin and a Gort?

r or Favour
)ITOR

It would be a mistake to underrate the German Army. It is powerful in numbers, modern in equipment, and made up in large part of staunch fighters.

But, supposing that Hitler should hurl his massed battalions against the Maginot Line or march the pick of his army across a neutral frontier, what can he gain except a few miles of useless ground?

FOR THE ALLIES ARE NOW PREPARED FOR ATTACK AT ANY POINT. THE POSSIBILITY OF SURPRISE HAS BEEN ELIMINATED.

They are ready and waiting for a big-scale German offensive. Against existing defences it could not succeed, and it might cost the enemy half a million men.

IT is a tedious business, just "waiting for it," but, if it is tedious for us, think how intolerably tedious it must be for the Germans!

We have our worries. We have our muddlers and our fussy bureaucrats. We have our "pools," and some time next month we may, or may not, have our butter and bacon rationed as well as our petrol.

But the people of Germany have been strictly rationed ever since the war began. They are not only pestered by officials, but surrounded by spies.

They have lost the last vestiges of freedom. They cannot call their souls their own.

They live in a perpetual mental black-out, and their darkness is full of the whispers of revolt.

We complain of high taxation, but, directly or indirectly, the German citizens are taxed down to the poverty level.

We grumble that our business is depressed, but theirs is at a standstill.

We observe sorrowfully that our exports are down, but theirs are "down and out."

It would call for courage to keep cheerful in Germany; to keep cheerful here calls for nothing but common-sense.

We told you a fortnight ago that "Germany can't win." What we want to emphasise here is the wisdom and economy of waiting for the Nazis to defeat themselves.

For we are "sitting pretty." It would be worse than foolish—it would be criminal!—to waste countless lives in needless attack.

The Allies' military "inactivity" is really "masterly" in this war, for it goes hand in hand with naval enterprise of the highest order.

OUR Admiralty is given to under-statement rather than exaggeration, and so, when it announced in its last report that the U-boats have been mastered, we are entitled to believe implicitly that Germany's submarine campaign has failed.

Actually, Great Britain has built more new tonnage than the enemy has destroyed, whereas Germany's losses have crippled her submarine fleet.

There remains, it is true, the possibility of powerful air attack, but that, too, is a menace which we know that we can meet.

Already we have geared our war industry up to a speed which the Germans cannot match, and, if that were not enough, we can now draw indefinitely upon the inexhaustible resources of the United States.

Moreover, machine for machine and man for man, the Allied Air Forces have established, in every important encounter that has yet taken place, a marked superiority over the enemy.

IT FOLLOWS—AND WE ASSERT THIS WITH CONFIDENCE—THAT THE WAY OF "FRIGHTFULNESS" OFFERS NO ESCAPE TO ADOLF HITLER.

ON THE LAND HE IS ENCIRCLED; THE SEAS ARE CLOSED TO HIM; AND IN THE AIR HE IS SURROUNDED BY THE WHIRR OF INNUMERABLE WINGS.

So much, then, for the people who bleat their foolish question: "When will the war begin?"

As for the others—the anxious, frightened or impatient folk who are still clamouring to know when it will end, let them take comfort from the old proverb: "More haste, less speed!"

Hitler is still the only man who might be able to answer them without guessing. Mr. Winston Churchill certainly said that, though the German Dictator chose his own time to start the war, "it is not for him to say when it will end."

But that rebuke to the bully of Europe implied a "how" to go with the "when." Lord Halifax, Mr. Churchill himself, and more recently Mr. Chamberlain, have made it plain that Hitler could end the war at once by his own "abdication."

It is "Hitlerism" that we have sworn to destroy. Were Adolf to efface himself, leaving a free German people to renounce the vile system which he introduced; to withdraw from the countries which the Nazis have so brutally despoiled; and to abandon aggression altogether; then, indeed, the war would end immediately.

Until that happens, wise men will leave Hitler to do the worrying.

He has fallen into a pit of his own digging. We are "sitting pretty."

BEHIND THE NEWS . . .

Labour is up in arms. Many local food committees refuse to appoint Labour members. Strong protest is being made to the Minister of Food.

*

Doctors are indignant because some of the heavy lorries commandeered by local councils as A.R.P. ambulances are so ancient that they can't be started up at practice. If they did move, they would shake patients to bits.

Health Ministry is now insisting on more suitable vehicles.

*

Canada will not be the only big training-ground for R.A.F. pilots.

Thousands will learn to fly in Australia.

Hundreds of training 'planes are under construction.

*

Mussolini is going to clear out Gestapo agents borrowed from Germany to work in Italian Civil Service, armed forces, banks and railways.

Goodbye to Hitler's hopes!

*

There is now a Gestapo to watch the Nazi Gestapo!

Not for the first time in history has it been necessary to form a corps of super-spies to spy on regular spies. But the Gestapo was supposed to be as free from suspicion as Cæsar's wife.

Still, Hitler is now choosing his guard personally, instead of leaving the picking to the Gestapo!

Revolution from the Right.

In the last fortnight, leading Germans known to have powerful friends in the Reichswehr, regular German Army, have approached diplomats in neutral countries.

They have been wondering how other countries would react to Germany if the Reichswehr formed the Government.

*

This question, obviously designed to be passed on to the Allies, bears out possibility we recently described to you.

If spies have reported it to Hitler, he must be feeling more uneasy than ever.

Only two of his generals are Nazis.

*

Building workers are being conscripted from central Germany to hurry construction of a naval base at Stolpmuende, a few miles from Danzig.

Hitler ordered this base because Admiral Raeder told him Kiel would be too hot to hold when the war started in earnest.

*

Until recently commandant of notorious concentration camp at Dachau, Loritz has been sent to Austria to take charge of S.S. troops there.

This seems to confirm reports of growing unrest in Austria.

As White Paper on Nazi atrocities proved, Loritz is among the most ruthless brutes in the Reich.

Unwise to make too much of such pointers, but equally unwise to ignore them. The stronger our own forces, the stronger will become the anti-Hitler forces within the Reich.

*

Frau Goering's departure for Vienna means that the be-medalled Field-Marshal and his spouse are quarrelling violently. Hitler, who has often put Frau Goering forward as a perfect specimen of Aryan womanhood, has ordered that news of the domestic rupture shall not be made public.

*

The great U.S. espionage trial, which led to the making of the film "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," uncovered only part of Hitler's secret organisation in America. G-men are now busy "excavating" what is left.

*

The Soviet Army is experimenting with armour similar to that with which some German soldiers have been equipped on the Western Front. The object is said to be the creation of a fleet of "human tanks."

*

Museum-piece No. 1 of the rise of Nazism—the hole Hitler shot in the ceiling of the Munich beer cellar when he announced the Nazi revolution—is lost as a relic following the latest attempt on the Fuehrer's life.

Search for the treasured piece of plaster has failed. So Goebbels produced a fake.

HUMANIST *advises a shy young man, afraid to speak to a girl with whom he has fallen in love, to "take a chance."*

The GIRL On the Bus

"You cannot stop a lover;
He will find a way!"

THESE lines from the old song sprang to mind when I read through a recent batch of letters. Many of my younger readers seemed to be having difficulty in finding the courage to express their feelings towards girls with whom they had fallen in love.

They don't really need my help. They will find a way, even though everything seems a little difficult.

I was surprised that the young man, whose letter appears on the other side of the page, had waited so long to speak to "the girl on the 'bus," especially since he has realised that she "sensed" his interest in her.

Few young people to-day wait for formal introductions.

Maybe the man should find a way of being introduced to the older friend if she works in the same town. The rest could follow.

If all else fails, he might even tear out this page and hand it to the girl as he leaves the bus one morning.

Unconventional conduct is pardonable in emergencies!

Another young man in much the same position says he is eager to speak to a seventeen-year-old girl, who seems to look on him with favour. Yet he cannot break the ice. He appears to be in love with her.

★ "As I am friendly with her parents, and my mother is also on speaking terms with her mother, we greet each other when passing, but it ends there," he explains.

"She is usually with friends, and even when I once saw her alone I was too shy to say more than 'Hello!'

"If I met her with one friend and greeted her as usual, would it be correct to say I wished to speak to her for a minute?"

I don't advise the young man to stop the girl when she is with a friend. It sounds too casual and might be awkward for the girl. It might even be embarrassing.

He should persuade his mother to invite the family to tea one afternoon—father, mother and daughter.

What happens then depends on the use the young man makes of such an opportunity.

Although nearly everybody has to conquer a sense of inferiority, many young men suffer terribly when romance begins to complicate their lives.

"My problem is an inferiority complex that has been a constant source of mental torture for as long as I can remember," says another young man. "All my actions are influenced by fears of what others are thinking about me.

"I am very nervous and an undignified habit of blushing causes me to retreat into the background. I enjoy a conversation until I find myself the centre of interest, and then I begin to feel that I am making a fool of myself and I run away as soon as possible.

"I have been courting for about a year, but I fear that I can never make a success of married life, which causes inconsistency in my attitude to the girl.

"It is so easy to say, 'Never mind what people are thinking.' I cannot help it."

In asking whether there is anything he can do to rid himself of this sense of inferiority, this young man voices a problem besetting a few people of his own age. Most people are able to hide their sense of inferiority.

A little boy usually has a feeling of enormous importance until the adults in his family "squash" him, and make him feel terribly small and insignificant. Then one of two things happens almost immediately:

He feels thwarted and develops a violent temper, aggressiveness, "naughtiness," and a desire to tyrannise. In his own eyes he is a superman, a world-conqueror, a gangster, a Napoleon, and he grows up to be a very difficult person to get on with, or

He accepts the ruling that he is not really tremendously important and is content with a modest place in life. Nearly all pleasant people belong to this class, although they may be secretly haunted by the feeling of being in the "second eleven."

★ It is dangerous when this feeling of second-rateness becomes acute.

They under-estimate themselves.

They argue that because they are not Napoleons they must be "less than the dust."

As a rule they are agreeable people with plenty of ability, but those lingering daydreams of greatness, starting in infancy, torture them beyond all reason.

Once they accept the truth about themselves they can make a success of life.

You can find temporary relief from indigestion by taking bicarbonate, but the victim of indigestion can find a permanent cure only by changing his diet. Similarly, the victim of "inferiority" can rid himself of the nuisance only by changing his method of thinking about himself.

His entire attitude to other people needs revising.

"About four years ago I was a complete nervous wreck," writes a young man who has conquered this trouble. "The thought of having to meet a stranger caused mental agony. I was afraid to go out at all. Eventually, a Harley Street specialist arranged for me to be admitted to a London hospital.

★ "A young house surgeon eventually persuaded me to confide in him, and his great understanding helped a lot.

"I was given various jobs to do in the ward, bringing me into contact with other patients.

"Before I returned to my home, the doctor wrote to the curate of the parish suggesting that I should help him with a boys' club. This started to break down the barrier in my home town.

This young man tries to prove that troubles such as his are caused either by self-centredness or some hidden secret, which a man is afraid to discuss.

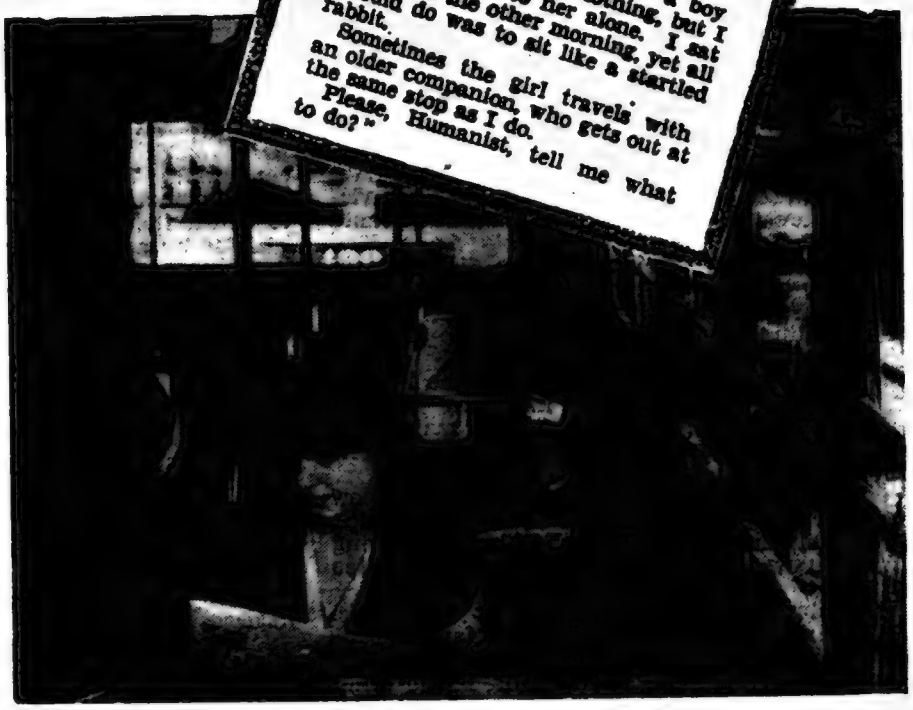
If a man is too engrossed in himself, he argues, the best remedy is to find someone needing help. By giving service to those in need, he will find his own troubles disappearing.

If the cause is some guilty secret, it is necessary to unburden the conscience to a sympathetic friend. Mere confession brings relief.

"Self-consciousness can make your life a hell," he concludes. "It has mine. But surely it is worth while undergoing a short unpleasantness to overcome a great social drawback."

I agree with what the young man says about unburdening the conscience.

Time after time I have had letters with postscripts saying, "There is no need to reply to this letter. I felt I had to tell somebody, and now I have set it all down in black and white I feel better."



DEAR HUMANIST,

"ONE morning I noticed an extremely good-looking girl on the 'bus. Since then she has been on the 'bus every day, and the more I see of her the more I think about her.

To be truthful, Humanist, I have fallen in love with the girl on the 'bus. I would dearly love to speak to her, but I have never had the courage to introduce myself. Yet I think she is interested in me. She always glances out of the window at me when the 'bus reaches my stopping-place.

And all I do is look at her.

A girl will lose interest if a boy simply looks and says nothing, but I dare not speak to her alone. I sat beside her the other morning, yet all I could do was to sit like a startled rabbit.

Sometimes the girl travels with an older companion, who gets out at the same stop as I do.

Please, Humanist, tell me what to do?"

● HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

"Guinness is balm to tired NERVES"

—says a doctor*

A source of comfort to tired nerves, a source of strength to tired limbs—that's Guinness.

In these trying days, how good it is to get home to a Guinness!

Treat yourself to a Guinness *tonight*.

* Quoted from a doctor's letter by special permission.

G.S.95

"What! No walkies to-night?" pleads Bess

DOES your dog get enough exercise? Is he a 'plus' dog? Black-outs are bound to mean lack of exercise; rationing is certain to lead to an ill-balanced diet. Unless you take immediate steps to counteract these two factors, your dog's health is sure to suffer.

Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders is now more necessary than ever. One Bob Martin's once a day will rid your dog's blood of the toxic impurities set up by faulty feeding and restricted exercise. Let Bob Martin's make your dog a 'plus' dog by maintaining a rich, *pure* blood supply. These famous little powders will keep him free from the ills and hazards of the coming winter and make him a happy and grateful companion in the long days to come. It's a small request with a big return. *From all chemists and dog food shops, 6d. and 1/-.*

FREE BOOKLET Your problems of dog management are all solved in "How to care for Your Dog in Wartime." Free on application to Bob Martin Ltd., 60C Union St., Southport, Lancs.

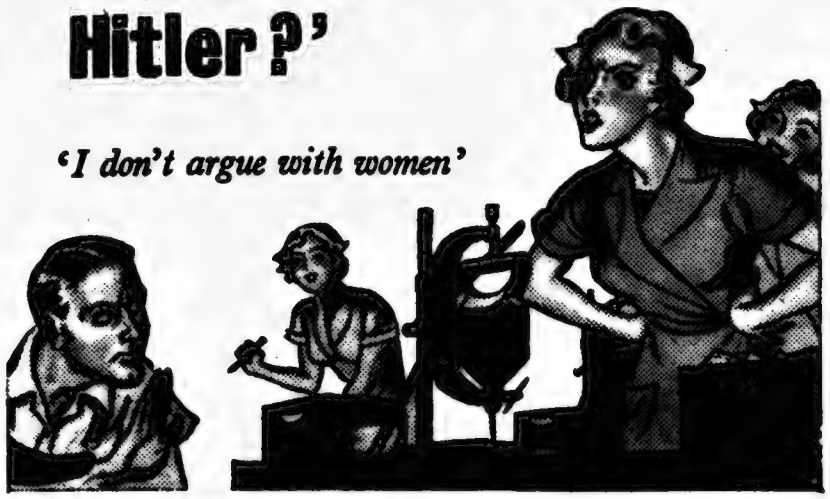
Bob Martin's

one a day makes a plus dog

NEW STAND-UP MEAL STOPS STAND-UP FIGHT

'Who do you think you are, Ted Cox.. Hitler?'

'I don't argue with women'



FRY'S SANDWICH is the new chocolate discovery—the finest chocolate food that has been made yet. *All the very best of the best plain chocolate and all the best of the very best milk chocolate combined.* This delicious blend of milk and plain chocolate is real food, packed with quick energy and nourishment.

Keep it by you. Take some with you wherever you go. It's handy to carry. It's easy to eat. Get a supply NOW.

RED LABEL—Double Milk (plain chocolate between two layers of milk).

BLUE LABEL—Milk (milk chocolate between two layers of plain).

2d 2 OZ **4d** 4 OZ.

FRY'S Sandwich Chocolate

You'll soon get back that "Fresh as a Daisy" feeling in a bath with LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

Refreshes, Invigorates
(prevents 'B.O.')

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

LBT 462-66-6B

She's Really Wonderful!

Meet a Grand Old Battleaxe who was too keen to see that socks were knitted for soldiers. She is another of the great War Time Characters so aptly sketched

by Will Scott

"She's really wonderful," said Mrs. Dovey, "she's got what's called driving power. It's lucky for us that she has"

IT seemed to Mrs. Dovey just silly. There she was, knitting socks and things for the soldiers, in her little front room at Elm Villas, all alone.

No doubt Mrs. Brown (or whatever her name might be) was knitting socks and things for the soldiers in her little front room at Cedar Villas (or whatever they called the place), all alone.

And Mrs. Robinson, at Homestead.
And Mrs. Jones, at Balmoral.
And Mrs. Smith, at Little Dulwich.
And the rest of them.

All giving their Thursday afternoons knitting socks and things for soldiers.

All alone in little front rooms.

Apart from the money you lost through buying wool in small quantities, it wasn't sociable.

It was expensive and it was lonely. It was just silly.

She was new to the town and didn't know many people there. She didn't quite know what to do. And if she had known what to do she'd never have done it.

You're a born organiser or you are not. Mrs. Dovey was not. And knew it.

"But," as she said to her husband, "there must be somebody somewhere to organise the thing, and to get us together. It's finding the somebody."

"Why not," said Mr. Dovey, "write a letter to the local paper? Point out that if you could get together you knitting women could save money and have an enjoyable social afternoon once a week into the bargain. That ought to bring some hidden talent to light."

Mrs. Dovey wrote her letter to the local newspaper, and the local paper (with Mrs. Dovey's letter in it) was duly published on the following Friday afternoon. And by ten o'clock on Saturday morning had come Mrs. Grimm into Mrs. Dovey's life.

★ Mrs. Grimm was not unlike the front end of a liner. She ploughed ahead, and as soon as you saw her you could tell that once she was started there was no power on earth could stop her.

"I read your letter," she said. "It's the very idea. Get together. Organise. Cut out waste. Get something done. That's always been my motto."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Dovey. "I thought if we could find about twenty ladies ——"

"I've got 'em!" announced Mrs. Grimm.

"Really?" gasped Mrs. Dovey.

"I called on you last. No good coming with a half-baked scheme. I've been out for the last hour. We're all meeting at my place to discuss things on Monday afternoon."

"That's splendid!" said Mrs. Dovey.

"No good letting the grass grow," snorted Mrs. Grimm.

"No, of course not," agreed Mrs. Dovey. "Of course, I'd never have thought ——"

"I'm used to this sort of thing," said Mrs. Grimm. "Ask them how I organised the church bazaar. Ask them how I organised the pageant. You can do it or you can't. I can. Here's my card. Monday at three o'clock."

"I'll be there," Mrs. Dovey promised.

Away ploughed Mrs. Grimm.

"What, already?" said the amazed Mr. Dovey when Mrs. Dovey told him all. "Well, that's a quick start. If you ask me, you've got the right woman in charge."

"She's really wonderful!" said Mrs. Dovey. "She's got what's called driving force. It's lucky for us, in times like this, that she has."

Monday at three o'clock saw Mrs. Dovey and nineteen other willing workers being introduced to one another at Mrs. Grimm's residence. It was a very nice residence, but it was a tight squeeze for the twenty.

Mrs. Grimm occupied the chair. She went into details.

She explained it all. Then she invited questions.

"Where are we going to meet each week?" asked somebody. "Our homes were scarcely built for gatherings of this size."

"We want a good-sized room somewhere," said somebody else.

"Which will cost money," said a third.

"No it won't," said Mrs. Grimm.

They all stared.

"Does anybody know of a room going anywhere?" Mrs. Grimm asked.

"There's one over the Hillcrest Tea-rooms," Mrs. Dovey volunteered. "It used to be used sometimes for whist drives before the war. Nobody's using it now. But I believe they want seven and sixpence for it."

"Leave that to me!" said Mrs. Grimm. "I'll see them. I'll appeal to their patriotism! I'll point out what we are doing for the soldiers—giving up an afternoon each week, knitting, knitting, knitting socks and things for the boys at the front."

"For nothing."

"How dare they ask profit for merely an empty room? No, I don't think we shall have to pay rent. Leave that to me!"

★ The twenty beamed their admiration. And then Mrs. Dovey spoke up.

"I thought if we bought our wool in quantity——"

"Bought it?" snapped Mrs. Grimm.

They all stared again.

"What about the women who are not knitting socks and things for the soldiers?" Mrs. Grimm demanded.

"Ah!" they all said.

"I shall circularise the town," Mrs. Grimm went on. "Half an ounce of wool here, a quarter there, half a pound in the other place—anything so long as we get it. We'll do the work, but they'll have to give."

The twenty wanted to cheer.

"We'd better appoint a secretary," added Mrs. Grimm. "The circulars will have to be typed out and delivered—as well as notices of our meetings, and minutes, and more circulars to keep 'em up to scratch when we want more wool."

She glared round the room.

"Mrs. Robinson," she boomed. "You'll be secretary."

"I haven't got a typewriter," faltered Mrs. Robinson.

"I'll get a typewriter," said Mrs. Grimm. "I'll appeal to somebody's patriotism. We're not going to *pay* for a typewriter. Leave that to me!"

"Who's going to collect all the wool we get for nothing?" somebody wanted to know.

★ "Well, who is?" echoed Mrs. Grimm. "Mrs. Jones, what about you?"

And before Mrs. Jones could think of an answer that was settled.

"We shall want a social organiser," said Mrs. Grimm. "There'll be certain funds we shall need. We shall have to get up concerts for that. Who's good at getting up concerts?"

"Well, about five years ago ——" began Mrs. Smith.

"Right!" Mrs. Grimm ploughed on. "You shall be social secretary. Have some ideas by next Monday. And since circulars won't distribute themselves, and we're not going to pay for stamps, somebody's got to get 'em out. Mrs. Brown. What about you?"

"Well ——" said Mrs. Brown.

"Right!" said Mrs. Grimm. "Mrs. Brown is circulars organiser. And now ——"

(Continued on page 24)

"AN ACTRESS MUST NEVER CATCH COLD"

Pamela Stanley,

star of "Victoria Regina," says:

"I always have a bottle of Vick-Vatronol on my dressing-table at the theatre and at home, too. I have never had to miss a performance through loss of voice or a cold."

Scientific tests by doctors prove that you, too, can escape many colds entirely—just a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril at the first sniffle or sneeze. Wonderful, too, when your head is stuffed up by a head-cold or catarrh.

At Chemists, 1/6, or send 2d. in stamps for a trial bottle to "Vick," 210, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1.

VICK-VATRONOL
BRAND NASAL MEDICAMENT

FOR TICKLING THROAT GO SUCK A ZUBE
In flat tins 3d and 6d

CAN YOU SEE WHERE THEY AGREE?

ARE you quick to notice things? Here are some extracts from a few of the constant stream of letters that comes to the proprietors of Keystone Burgundy. Can you see what is the most remarkable point about them—the point about which they all agree?

"I have been taking Keystone Burgundy now for some years, and would not be without it. My doctor ordered it after an illness which left me very weak, but as soon as I started the Burgundy, I began to feel better, and now my friends tell me they have never seen me looking so well."

"My daughter has greatly benefited from taking Keystone Burgundy. We have been told to take it by our own doctor."

"I may say that I have been taking Keystone under doctor's orders for the past six months for anaemia and it has done me much good."

"Keystone has made my wife quite well after four years of trouble. My doctor told her to try the wine."

"I have been advised to take Keystone by my doctor after a most serious illness and find it does me good."

You've "spotted" it! They have all *taken Keystone Burgundy because their doctor told them to.* Nine out of ten people who so kindly write us about the good Keystone has done them, first heard of Keystone from doctors.

So, if you have been ill, if you are feeling run down, if you have lost your appetite, you know the sensible thing to do. Take Keystone regularly with your meals. Your doctor will strongly approve it.

All wine merchants and licensed grocers sell Keystone Burgundy in large flagons 5s. 0d., half-flagons 2s. 6d. (3d. extra deposit, returnable, on both sizes). Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. (94

MY FRUITY FLAVOUR MAKES WAR'FARE' BREAKFASTS APPETIZING

SAYS *Master Okay* —*the Saucy Boy.*

Although bacon may not be so frequently enjoyed nowadays, there is no scarcity of O.K. sauce to give WAR 'FARE' breakfasts their Peace-time relish. Rich in wholesome, delicious fruits, its delightful, piquant flavour tempts the dullest appetite. So good for children too.

Prices as usual.

At all good Stores.

MASON'S **O.K**

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Men do notice

GLADYS: "but I felt my nose was shiny and it spoilt my evening."
ANNE: "I could never get powder to stay on my nose."
WINNIE: "even when playing hockey a girl likes to look attractive."

Every girl dreads a shiny nose. And every man hates it. Then why not *do* something about it! If you use Snowfire Powder-Cream you need never have a shiny nose. This enchanting and fragrant powder-cream takes only a few seconds to put on. It cannot clog the tiniest pores. And its lovely matt bloom lasts for hours and hours. In Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Ivory shades.

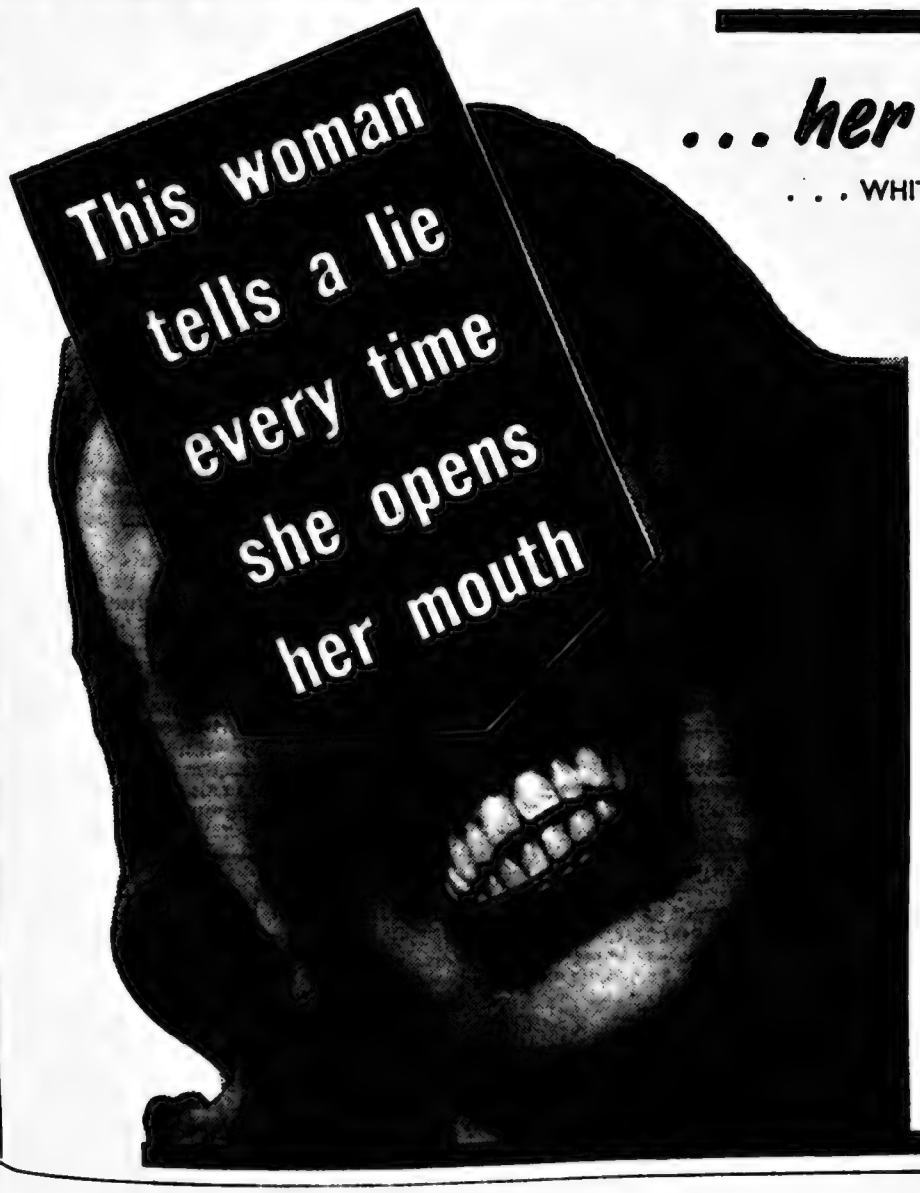
Jars or Tubes 6D

Handbag Containers 3D

Snowfire

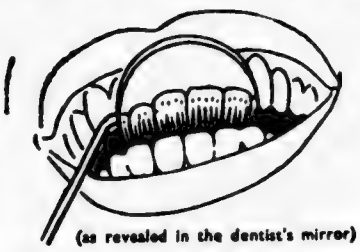
POWDER-CREAM

'Snowfire sets hearts afire'



. . . her teeth are "white lies"!

. . . WHITE IN FRONT, BUT ENCRUSTED WITH TARTAR BEHIND



(as revealed in the dentist's mirror)

MAKE SURE that your teeth tell the truth by giving them regular, twice daily cleaning with Solidox! This amazing new toothpaste does more than merely whiten the teeth: it prevents tartar and removes it if already present! Only Solidox can make this claim, because only Solidox contains Ricinosulphate, the unique ingredient covered by British Patent No. 259942, *proved* to keep teeth tartar-free. *And no matter how often or how long you use it Solidox does the work so gently that it cannot harm the delicate enamel of the teeth.* Start now to give your teeth Solidox care. Use Solidox twice a day—see your dentist regularly. Then *your* white teeth will tell the truth!

SOLIDOX

TOOTHPASTE

6D

BIG TUBE

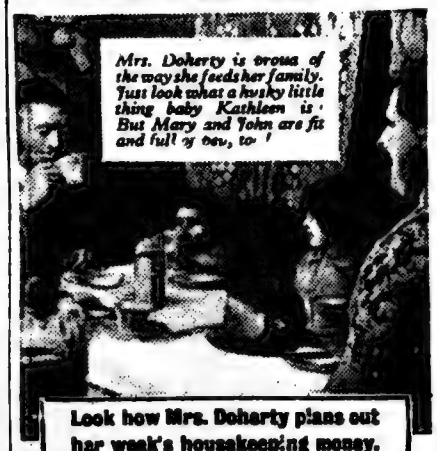
. . . makes dull teeth white, keeps white teeth right

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16

SOL 12-393-65

"WE SIT DOWN FIVE TO MEALS ON 29/- A WEEK FOR FOOD"

SAYS MRS. DOHERTY OF STREATHAM


Mrs. Doherty is proud of the way she feeds her family. Just look what a husky little thing baby Kathleen is! But Mary and John are fit and full of fun, too!

Look how Mrs. Doherty plans out her week's housekeeping money.

	£	s.	d.
Rent		12	6
Clothing Club		1	0
Food	1	9	0
Gas		4	0
Coal		2	0
Insurance		1	6
Husband's Expenses		6	0
Sundries (Shoe mending, Entertainment, etc.)		4	0
	£3	0	0

The whole Doherty family enjoy real nourishing meals since mother discovered that

ROWNTREE'S COCOA AIDS DIGESTION

"THE kiddies are still babies as far as their age is concerned—but they seem to have grown-up appetites," Mrs. Doherty said, smiling proudly. "All three are at the age when they're always on the romp—and it's important they should get nourishing food just now. Of course, 29/- a week isn't a lot for food for all of us—but I manage, thanks to Rowntree's Cocoa, which I find helps to make *every* meal more nourishing. We all feel better fed, too, after a meal with Rowntree's Cocoa, and we've *proved* that Rowntree's actually *aids digestion* and makes *all* our food more nourishing."

Always on the go! Did you ever see three racers in better condition? Notice that baby Kathleen is getting away to the best start!

* * *

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS A FOOD made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself—it actually helps peop'e to digest all their other food *more quickly* and *with less effort*. This means children get more goodness out of their meals—put on extra bone and tissue.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA has a lovely, rich chocolaty flavour. You need only half a teaspoonful to a cup—that's why it's so much more econ mical than ordinary cocoa and "chocolate" drinks. Remember this, too: because Rowntree's is *pre-digested* it helps your supper or late night snack to "go down better." Digestive troubles can't disturb your sleep.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

MAKES EVERY MEAL GO FURTHER

CONTINUING

Will Scott's Short Story

In an hour's time everything was cut, dried and settled, and after a cup of tea they were all free to go home. Pretty well everybody had got a job to do. Except Mrs. Dovey.

And, as she admitted, she always had been overlooked, somehow.

"Perhaps there'll be something for me next week," she said with a sigh.

She walked home with Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith.

"I've never seen a woman like her!" said Mrs. Smith. "A born organiser. Everything at her finger-tips."

"She's really wonderful!" agreed Mrs. Dovey.

"Wonderful? We'd be nowhere without her," said Mrs. Brown. "It would have taken us a year to start. She's started everything in sixty minutes."

"She's really wonderful!" Mrs. Dovey said again.

Next morning there were plenty of signs that Mrs. Grimm was indeed wonderful. Her little blue car seemed to be dashing about all over the place.

It dashed to the Hillcrest Tearooms and out of it dashed Mrs. Grimm. She dashed upstairs. She dashed at the sole proprietor and began by telling him what she thought of men who make money out of the discomforts of the troops.

★ She booked the nice big room on the spot for one afternoon a week, thanked the sole proprietor for offering it for nothing, accepted and dashed out.

She dashed down the town to Dale's and dashed at Henry Dale himself. At first he tried to think. Then he gave up trying to think.

When Mrs. Grimm dashed away a brand new typewriter dashed with her. For this Henry Dale, when he woke up, realised that he was to receive Mrs. Grimm's best thanks and nothing else. He gave a deep sigh and went across the road and had one.

Mrs. Grimm dashed out to Mrs. Robinson's.

"Here's the typewriter!" she said. "You might as well start now. We shall want five thousand circulars. Get each five hundred round to Mrs. Brown. She'll want to be getting them out."

"If ——" attempted Mrs. Robinson.

"Can't stop now," wheezed Mrs. Grimm. "This has got to be organised."

And she dashed away.

Mrs. Robinson sighed, left what she was doing and sat down at the typewriter.

And late that night Mrs. Grimm was still dashing.

"You've got to admit one thing," said Mr. Robinson.

"What's that?"

"That woman does get things done."

"I do admit it," said Mrs. Robinson with another sigh. "She's really wonderful."

The meeting on Monday was one long recital of successes. In five minutes Mrs. Grimm had worked nineteen of them up to a point of frenzy. They had never been prouder of themselves in their lives.

Mrs. Dovey alone sat quite to one side.

"There's just one thing," said Mrs. Grimm; "we've got to have a name."

"I'd thought of that," said Mrs. Robinson. "I've been talking it over with my husband. He thinks ——"

"The Maginot Knitting Guild," said Mrs. Grimm. "That's the name! Those in favour?"

"She's really wonderful!" somebody whispered.

★ "Mrs. Dovey!" she said at the top of her voice, "Is anything wrong?"

"Well, I should have liked to be able to help with the circulars or something," said Mrs. Dovey modestly.

"One man, one job!" said Mrs. Grimm. "I know what you can do. We shall want a caretaker here. Somebody to open up—tidy up—get ready—air the place—arrange the chairs, you know."

"I'd like to do that," said Mrs. Dovey.

"Settled!" said Mrs. Grimm.

"Now ——"

And on the following Friday an advertisement appeared in the local newspaper. Like this:—

MAGINOT KNITTING GUILD.

Wanted, twenty ladies to give half a day a week to knitting socks and other wear for our brave boys at the front. Everything provided. Apply by letter to Mrs. Robinson, Hon. Secretary, Homestead, The Avenue.

Mrs. A. J. Grimm, President.

Because, you see, the original twenty have all been so highly organised by Mrs. Grimm, who is really wonderful at such things, that not one of them has even a ha'porth of time left for knitting socks and things for the soldiers at the front.

Not a ha'porth.

Greatest of These

CHARLES NORMAN EDWARDS is a hero who lives unhonoured and unsung, a victim of the last war who is still suffering.

Mr. Edwards

He joined the Army when he was sixteen, and he has never really recovered.

His health suffered, yet he has no pension.

He has never had regular employment because he was unable to complete his apprenticeship to his chosen trade when he left the Army.

Harassed by unavoidable debts, he is frantically trying to prepare for the return of his wife from the hospital in which she has recently given birth to a son. There is an ailing child of three at home.

From an income of 29s. a week this distracted father has to pay 7s. 10½d. rent.

When his wife leaves hospital she should have nourishing food. Yet all the necessities of life have been increased in price.

The plight of this stricken ex-Serviceman daily becomes worse, and we appeal for him to the sympathy of our readers.

Please earmark donations "Another Mouth" or "General Fund," and post them to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, and a copy of the lists of subscriptions, kept at this office, will be sent on application.

By Richard Sudell

Gardeners' Battleground

NO longer will we see the old familiar onion-seller cycling through country lanes with ropes of onions hanging from the bar on his shoulder.

And as all imports of onions will be reduced next year, the wise gardener will begin to get his onion bed ready.

The pride of many allotment holders, onions provide the favourite battleground for many trophies at local vegetable shows.

Onion cultivating is not easy. Unlike most vegetable crops, onions can be grown on the same land many years in succession.

If you find a part of your garden or allotment on which onions thrive, continue to grow them in the same spot. For they either like or dislike a soil.

It is necessary to see that the onion bed is well prepared.

Champion onion growers trench the land two feet deep in the autumn, digging in a liberal dressing of manure.

A LARGE area is not needed for growing onions. One champion grower, who has won prizes at shows for years, grows bulbs on a bed twelve feet by eight.

After digging at this time of year give the surface a dressing of lime, four ounces to a yard. Clay soils benefit by a dusting of basic slag, an ounce to a yard.

Wood ashes can be scattered over the surface at the rate of three ounces to the square yard, to be washed in by the rain.

Land should be allowed to lie fallow during the winter, then forked over in spring to make the surface as fine as possible before sowing.

Onion seedlings should not now be disturbed. They can be transplanted in spring. Thinnings are useful for salads.

As the onion crop is now matured, bulbs should be pulled and stored in a cool, airy place. It is important to see that they are thoroughly dry.

Gardeners who have a little time should not lift herbaceous borders this autumn. Simply thin out the shoots when forking over the soil. All tops of herbaceous plants can be cut down, and, if placed in the compost pit, will decay into manure.

3-Minute Mystery
SOLUTION

Connolly realised that if anyone had attempted to murder Bates by mixing distnfectant with his drink the smell would have been sufficient to warn him.

Suicides can use any evil-smelling liquid.

Murderers dare not!

DON'T PUT UP WITH KITCHEN SOAP!

you can still get

EVE

TOILET SOAP

Wherever you are, whatever you're doing, whether it's National Service or carrying on with your job, you still have to take care of your looks. And if you make do with things like kitchen soap, then your skin will suffer, because such soaps are not made for anything as delicate as a woman's skin.

And why use makeshifts when you can still get Eve Toilet Soap? Eve is made to keep your skin soft and smooth. And, what's more, it *still* costs only 2d for a fragrant white tablet. It's a handy size too, so wherever you are you can keep a tablet by you.

EVE 114-172-88 JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., LEEDS

READY NOW!

Persil that's Even Better!

Still Whiter Whites! Even Brighter Colours! Softer Silks and Woollies—and the Easiest Wash Ever!

SAY 14,000 HOUSEWIVES

TO make Persil even better—to make famous Persil whiteness even whiter—that was the task we set ourselves. It has taken two years of hard and patient work to reach absolute perfection. But it's been worth it. The new Persil *is* perfect. Not only do *we* say this—but 14,000 women enthusiastically agree. For these women actually tested the new Persil in secret, before it was launched.

So now, when you buy your packet of the new Persil, you can know these three things for certain. One: It will wash your whites even whiter. Two: It will give you results for your coloureds and woollies such as you never dreamed of. Three: Thanks to the no mixing, the extra lather, and the freedom from scum, your wash with new Persil will be quicker, easier than ever before.

Go to your grocers, to your usual shop. Ask for the new, even better Persil. And treat yourself to the proudest, most satisfying washday you've ever had.

THE NEW PERSIL—but the old prices 3½d & 6d.

EVERY WOMAN ENTHUSIASTIC!

Small wonder, too! For two years we've been working on this New Persil. Now it's perfected; and it makes washing still easier. *That's a boon as every woman knows—particularly at a time like the present.*

AND 3 BIG EXTRA ADVANTAGES

NO MIXING— *Easier wash*

Just shake new Persil on the water, swish it up with your hand—and there you are. Such a lovely, deep lather—and so little trouble!

EXTRA LATHER— *For fine wash*

A lather so fine that it works its way through every stitch, gently, thoroughly. And with a squeeze or two all the dirt comes sliding out.

PREVENTS SCUM— *Easier rinsing*

No trouble with scum now—not even in hard water. No clinging greyness to ruin rinsing. That means perfect *Persil* whiteness!

PER 743-66-80

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!
The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 5.

MARIE ELISABETH SARDINES

UNEQUALLED IN QUALITY AND GOOD VALUE.

YOUR GARDEN IN WAR TIME

A Message from Bees Ltd.

Restrictions on movement will make your garden, next season, your most exclusive pleasure and interest. For where else could you refresh your body and mind so completely, and at such little cost.

Plan for colour and beauty next season, during these black-out nights with the stimulus provided by Bees famous garden guide and colour catalogue. Herein lovely roses, ornamental shrubs, and border plants for garden and home decoration are portrayed in all the glories of true colour. Send NOW P.C. (stamped 1d.) for your Free Copy.

If interested in Bulbs, ask for Bulb Book also.

BEES Ltd., 175a, MILL ST., LIVERPOOL

—but after all is said and done you will come eventually to...

MEGGESON BISMUTH DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

FOR ALL STOMACH TROUBLES From Qualified Chemists only 1/3

Voice of the People

Q This page is devoted to your views. Its purpose is to give you opportunity to say all those things that you want to say, to voice criticism and complaints. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra half-guinea for publication of a photograph submitted with a letter. So add your voice to the Voice of the People

WHEN I was selling flags in the streets of Birmingham for the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance, two ragged little boys came up, extended twopence and asked for flags.

They looked so poor that I said that a penny would do for two flags, but then I saw them stop and begin talking. They looked round at me furtively, and I could see worry in their faces.

Then, having decided on their course of action, they came back, offered the other penny, saying: "Please mum, the soldiers want bandages more'n we want sweets."—J. Gladman, Beauchamp Road. Billesley, Birmingham.

Criticism is Music

The Government makes mistakes, and we don't forget to grumble; but don't let blundering make us think less of our country.

Whenever I hear anybody openly and bitterly complaining about officialdom, it is music in my ears. I am proud to live in a country where, instead of being hushed by axe, lash and concentration camp, criticism is welcomed.—John Lewis, Green Lane, Shepperton-on-Thames.

Only a big man can criticise himself. Only a great country can criticise itself. But we've no time for the fellow who is so eager to find fault with his country that he misses its transcending virtues.

Clothes Horse No. 1

Don't devote all your laughter to Goering's decorations. I know men who have never heard a gun go off, yet they are weighted down with medals.

I simply dare not go among them wearing my humble bronze medallion for life-saving.—Reservist, Oxford Terrace, Kington, Herefordshire.

Even though there's a lot of playing at medals in this country, we can still laugh at Goering, because he had only six medals at the end of the last war, and he was a pilot of note. He has qualified for another 91 in peace time. Surely there's something funny about that?

Prize-Money Problem

Capture of the crew and merchandise of an enemy craft in war time entitles the captors to a share of the spoils. Surely similar recognition should be given to land and air forces.

Capture of tanks, guns, ammunition dumps and prisoners are all worthy of reward.—V. C. Eaton, Pine Close, near Huyton, Liverpool.

When the Prize Law was introduced by Edward III in 1357, sailors received such small allowances that they more or less depended on prizes for a living. If the Spanish Armada, laden with bullion, hadn't evaded capture by sailing round Scotland, a wonderful feat of seamanship, half our Navy would have been able to retire.

They'd Catch It

We hear of fish being "sold as manure," and "tons of bacon left to rot." If I had my way people who allowed food to go bad in these days would be indicted in a criminal court.

The charge would either be sabotage or treason. The penalty would be—death. —George Brian, Cranham, Upminster, Essex.

She Doesn't Know!

One old woman doesn't seem to have heard about the war, because she has written to the County of London Electric Supply Company complaining that the electric street lamp outside her house is not working at nights—will somebody go along to put it in order?—L. J., Romford, Essex.

There were people in Great Britain, living on lonely islands, who didn't hear about the declaration of the last war for six months or more after. But lonely persons have radio sets now.

Dangerous Torches

Why should pedestrians be allowed to carry torches giving stronger lights than the headlamps of heavy motor vehicles?

Some people have no h[illegible]ation about shining these beams in your eyes, yet the meagre light of a lorry has to be thrown on the ground.

Surely the use of torches should be restricted.—Arnold Hodgson, Rockland Place, Earlsheaton, Dewsbury, Yorks.

Every torch must have two thicknesses of paper over the bulb, and the beam of light should not be thrown about. Also, the light must not be kept on unnecessarily. Judging by letters we receive, control of these lights is lax.

Scots Wha Hae?

No regiment is so jealous of its reputation as the London Scottish, especially with regard to the qualification for enrolment—"a man must be of Scottish descent."

In normal times it was most difficult for an Englishman to enter the famous regiment, but one did so, it is said, by declaring that he had "property in Scotland," this property being a pair of trousers he had sent to a cleaner at Perth.—J. Haig, Anglo-Scot, High Street, Croydon.

London Scottish regiment has recruited many Englishmen during the emergency. But all are said to have some "real" link with Scotland.

Their Berchtesgaden

My friend, stationed at a certain aerodrome in Kent, says a local householder complained about machines flying over his house at daybreak.

The Commanding Officer sent two young pilots along to see him. They admitted making some of the flights of which he complained, and offered apologies.

"You see, we regard your house as Berchtesgaden in our mess, and we like to bomb it every morning before breakfast," they explained.—William Bower, Jnr., Strathmore Crescent, Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Black-Out Honesty

I was alighting from a No. 108 omnibus in the black-out, in West Hill, London, when the conductor handed me something.

"Your handbag, madam," he said.

Nobody would have known if he had kept it.

I didn't know I had lost it.

What is more, it contained my week's wages, which meant that the loss would have been serious for my children.

Yet when I asked him for his number, so that I could report his honesty and kindness, the conductor firmly but politely refused. I wish him every blessing.—Mrs. Rosa Bond, 17, Longton Grove, London, S.E.26.

Pools Again!

Hints for New Coupons by 'Poolex'

THE authorities have at last agreed on a scheme whereby the heavy "pools" post can be handled under war conditions, and punters should read carefully the instructions on the new coupons to be sure that they comply with altered arrangements.

My first tip to punters is to put away all the old records and concentrate on results of recent regional games.

The most noticeable thing is the reduced value of ground advantage. Pre-war games gave at least six home wins in every ten games on average, but regional records show that not more than half the games are now being won by the home team.

Not surprising, really, when it is realised that many teams are playing "home" games on borrowed grounds.

There is a marked increase in goal scoring, which means fewer drawn games, and with fewer home wins the proportion of "Away" winners is naturally higher.

Despite the changes from peace time conditions, I feel it is going to be easier to forecast. To test this, I have checked forecasts published during the last month, and found them to be nearer the mark than usual.

Some teams have been doing just what the experts predicted, while others have been less consistent.

To provide a basis for your first forecasts, I have compiled a list of the most dependable teams. My idea is to keep a close watch on this "reliability" angle, and if it continues to work out, keep you informed of any alterations.

These teams are not necessarily *strong*, and likely to win, but are likely to produce results that the experts predict. If both teams engaged in a match figure on this list, the form result is particularly likely. If neither of the teams is on the "reliability" list, look for a surprise!

DEPENDABLE TEAMS

Arsenal	Partick T.
Bradford	Portsmouth
Bradford C.	Preston N.E.
Barnsley	Queen's Park
Brentford	Q.P.R.
Charlton	Raith R.
Chesterfield	Rangers
Cowdenbeath	Rotherham
Crewe	Southend
Grimsby	Southport
Leicester	Stockport
Lincoln	Third Lanark
Luton	Walsall
New Brighton	Wrexham
Newcastle	York

The full pools coupon is published in the "People" every Sunday and in the "Daily Herald" and "Sporting Life" every Wednesday.

Nurse Ended Kidney Trouble

Nurse A. R. F.* writes:—

"I left England after the war, having done a great deal of nursing and suffered many hardships. As a result I suffered for sixteen years from backache, depression and kidney trouble. Then I started taking De Witts Pills. The first dose did me good and now I am in perfect health."

* Name withheld—medical etiquette.

You, too, can end the depression, pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble. Start with De Witts Pills to-day. Relief from the first dose is followed by permanent benefit. Body pains and backache will go. Vigour and vitality will return.

DE WITTS BRAND KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

end the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Civil defence workers are fighting

NERVES, OVERWORK FATIGUE

Read how this married man keeps up his health & good spirits

'Some time ago my husband had a serious illness and was not able to sleep. We tried many remedies but none did much good. Then one day a retired nurse, a friend of the family, said "Try Wincarnis". So my husband had half a glass every night, and I am glad to say he slept much better and is now at work again.'

Mrs. C. M. (Exeter).

Why Wincarnis is Supreme

When health is at stake, we cannot afford to think of bargains. We must have — and quickly — the very best advice, the very best medicine. That is why so many women buy Wincarnis Tonic Wine, although there are cheaper tonic wines. Three simple facts explain the continued leadership of Wincarnis among tonic wines: (1) Wincarnis is made with wines of the highest class. (2) The medical profession has used and recommended Wincarnis Tonic Wine for 50 years. More than 25,000 written recommendations have been received from medical men. (3) The gist of what doctors say is this: for all types of CONVALESCENCE and WEAKNESS, Wincarnis is the tonic of tonics, rapid in action and *lasting in effect.*

Health is priceless—

WINCARNIS

still only 5/6 a bottle

(Champagne pint size 3/3)

The Family Physician

DECISIVE TREATMENT FOR COLDS AND INFLUENZA

You don't stop a cold quickly by aiming only at the symptoms.

Next time you feel you are in for a bad cold, when your eyes burn and your head throbs and you can't breathe for a stuffy nose, take two tablets of Phensic.

Phensic rapidly reaches the blood-stream. And once in your blood Phensic prevents the growth of cold and 'flu germs.

The poisons which these germs produce, which make your head ache and your nose run, must be got rid of. Phensic helps to eliminate them, both via the kidneys and through the pores of the skin.

The result is, that after taking Phensic your temperature comes down to normal and you feel altogether better. A good night's sleep—and you awake free from infection.

Phensic is both fast and effective in its action. It is guaranteed medicinally pure, and it cannot harm even a weak heart. With Phensic 'flu vanishes in half the usual time.

The tonic strengthening effect of Phensic is well described in these words of a doctor who says "In my experience patients treated with Phensic have a smoother convalescence and do better than those treated otherwise." You can get Phensic everywhere for 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

FILM STARS' SECRET OUT

Film Stars, of all people, must have teeth of faultless colour and you can be sure that only the best and safest whitener obtainable will satisfy their needs. What is their secret? Do the stars use a toothpaste beyond the reach of ordinary folk? No! Thousands have discovered the amazing whitening powers of a new type toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Phillips' Dental Magnesia makes teeth so dazzling white because it contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' This instantly neutralizes harmful mouth acids and so abolishes the main cause of tartar and decay. Immaculate teeth are a precious asset. Try Phillips' Dental Magnesia and you will soon learn why so many stage and screen stars use no other dentifrice. Sold everywhere 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES.
Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness.

CLEAN OUT CATARRH

BANISH AWFUL STUFFINESS. TAKE A NEW LEASE OF LIFE!

Got Catarrh? Then make this your lucky day! Nose bunged-up with mucus so that you can hardly breathe? You can be a new person to-morrow! Smear a little NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy inside each nostril. It opens stuffed-up nasal passages in no time! Gentle sniff it up. "NOSTROLINE" acts instantly. Clears head completely. Soothes soreness. Kills germs. Lubricates and heals. Over 14,000 Doctors endorse "NOSTROLINE." For Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu, "NOSTROLINE" all Chemists, 1/3.

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE" J.12, Bristol, 8.

FOR BARGAINS.....
See JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
—Page 4.

Charlie *is my darling!*

How fast he is growing up! He's a "young cavalier" now all right, sturdy, magnificently built, with glowing health and boundless energy, well equipped to fight his own battles—thanks to Nestlé's. Mother knows that the extra goodness of Nestlé's creamy milk is indispensable to him while he is building those reserves of health on which he will draw for the rest of his life. She gives it to him in all sorts of clever ways—a big creamy spoonful added to his porridge or his cocoa, spread thick on a biscuit, or made into delicious sandwiches. 'Cream Jam' is his favourite spread—but he doesn't know the good it is doing!

It is natural that she should pin her faith to Nestlé's now, because in those anxious early days when he hovered on the brink of life, unable to digest his food, unable to sleep, to put on weight, it was Nestlé's Milk which pulled him round the corner. From his very first feed he started to put on weight, and once begun, he climbed into life hand over fist. What a wonderful discovery that was and how grateful she has been to Nestlé's ever since!

Nestlé's Milk is a splendid food for babies up to the age of six months, and is invaluable for all children up to six years old.

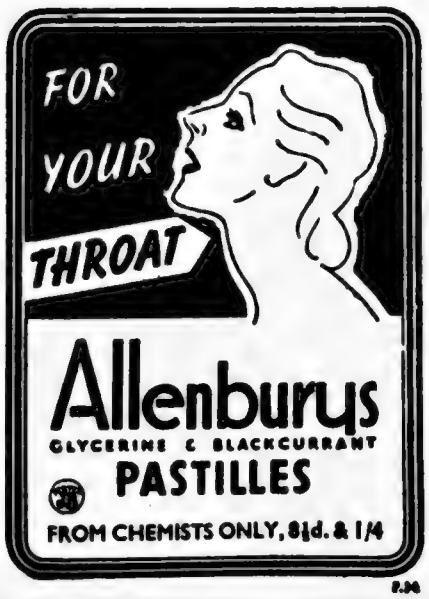
Nestlé's book "Baby", a wise and simple guide through all the ups and downs of baby's early days, and Nestlé's Supplementary Feeding Charts, designed to cover the succeeding years, will be sent to you entirely free on application to Nestlé's Milk Products Limited, (IF. 316), 6a, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

Out of mischief —thanks to
NESTLÉ'S MILK

ACID STOMACH
WIND, PAIN AND NAUSEA INSTANTLY RELIEVED

It is a remarkable fact that the entire medical profession regards 'Milk of Magnesia' as the ideal remedy for acid stomach. Doctors know that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the system and its alkalizing effect is instantaneous. Acidity, wind, heartburn, nausea and indigestion vanish in a marvellous manner on taking 'Milk of Magnesia.' The stomach is soothed and strengthened and digestion is able to proceed in comfort. That sick, sour feeling and headache, caused by too much food, drink, smoke—'Milk of Magnesia' dispels like magic. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' and try it today; you'll be delighted. 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.



Allenburys
GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT
PASTILLES
FROM CHEMISTS ONLY, 8½d. & 1/4

P.36

WAR-TIME LIVING UPSETS YOUR LIVER

Wake up your liver bile without purgatives, and you'll feel grand!

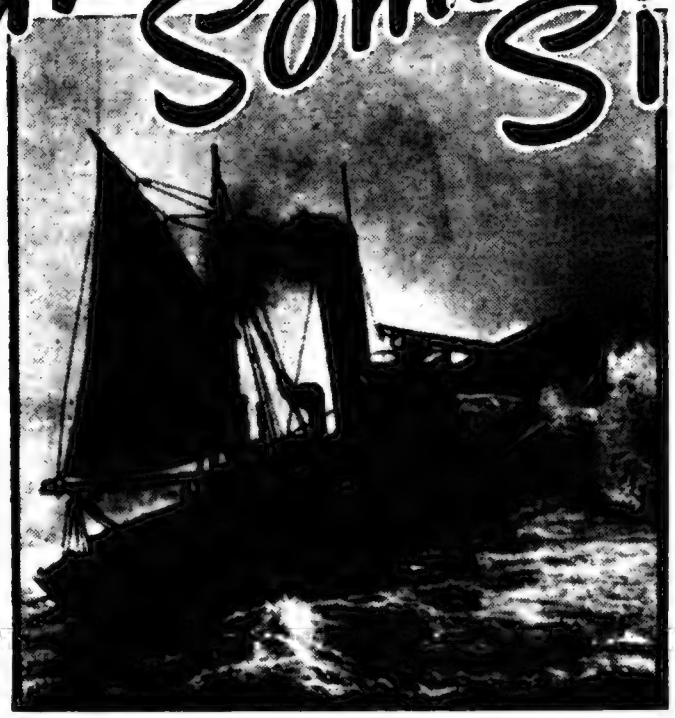
The first part of your body to feel the bad effects of war-time worry, poor sleep, irregular meals and nervous tension is your liver. Your liver should pour out two pints of bile juice every day into your system. If this bile juice isn't flowing freely your food can't digest. It just decays in your bowels. You get constipated. You feel stale, tired and headachy.

Ordinary laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement can't make you feel fit and able to face things with a smile. What you need are Carters Brand Little Liver Pills — harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Next morning you'll wake up feeling fitter than you've felt for years. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills today. 1/3 at all chemists.

READER'S WAR TIME STORY

Sydney Armstrong, of "Crossgates," Prince George Avenue, London, N.14, is awarded the five guineas offered by "John Bull" for the week's best story of war time adventure. Put your experience into a thousand words and submit it for publication in this series of True War Stories.

Canaries Sometimes Sing . . .



"The doctor said I needed fresh sea air, but the war turned my health cruise into high adventure."

THE two things I remember most vividly about the last war are the odd socks I wore when we stormed the mole at Zeebrugge. One was the regulation grey, the other a rather vivid blue, very fashionable at the time.

The two things I shall remember most vividly about this war are a battered, salt-caked Scottish trawler and a canary that sang once, and only once

We'll call the trawler the *Daisy Lee*, and her skipper, Mr. MacVitie, which are not real names, but then that sturdy ship and her sturdy master are now "somewhere in the North Sea," doing a job of work for their country.

My acquaintanceship with Mr. MacVitie, the *Daisy Lee* and the taciturn canary would not have been remarkable.

My doctor said I needed a fortnight of fresh air and sea spray to build up my nerves, badly shaken by a motoring accident.

Eight days after we had sailed from Hull dawned the morning of September 3, and long before the sun was high Britain was at war with Germany.

It turned my health cruise into high adventure, and gave my nerves a tonic no doctor would prescribe—days and nights of living dangerously.

I was in the lee of the wheelhouse with Mr. MacVitie when the news came.

As usual in his leisure time, that craggy, square-jawed son of Orkney was chirruping away at his silent canary.

But not a note would it utter, and MacVitie was on the point of bursting into the flood of highly coloured abuse that invariably ended these sessions.

"Sing, you son of a —!—!—!—! Sing!"

There was a step on the deck. The radio operator stood beside us, his face grim, his pad still in his hand. "It's happened, Skipper," he said quietly, "just got it now. Britain's declared war on Germany. . . ."

"Och aye," said MacVitie, "weel, we'd better be awa' hame." Then he added, as though in afterthought, "if they'll let us."

I'm not so sure that the dour MacVitie wasn't speaking with the voice of prophecy, or else his meanderings about the North Sea and up into the Baltic had given him a pretty shrewd idea of what lay ahead.

"MR. ARMSTRONG," he said, "we'll maybe run into a little trouble afore we're safe back in port. Ye're no a seafaring man, I ken fine, but we'll all of us hae a job to do. Yours will be tae look after ma bird. I couldna bear it if the wee thing came to ony hairm."

The rest of that day was quiet enough, with an easy sea. It was not until just after sunset next day that our first adventure happened.

I was down below having some coffee when I heard the look-out man shout.

Mindful of MacVitie's orders, I grabbed the canary's cage and rushed on deck. Four of the men, armed with long poles, were trying desperately to fend a great, round black object away from the vessel's side.

One of them was able to give it a push, just strong enough to send it bobbing clear of the stern and the flailing blades of the propeller. There was a groan of relief from the others.

"What was it?" I gasped, looking at their white faces.

"Mine!" said a burly deck-hand. "How Joe, the look-out man, saw it in this light, heaven only knows. But it's a miracle we're alive. One good bump against that thing and we'd have been blown sky-high."

WE came on the last two mines at dawn, and again the men were able to fend them off with their poles.

Our twisting, turning and dodging had carried us far off our course. MacVitie decided to make for Hull, and then steam up the coast of Scotland.

Then we sighted a U-boat.

It was about a mile away, and had come to the surface for a look round, rolling in the swell.

I was standing in the bow with the look-out man when MacVitie tapped me on the shoulder.

"Mr. Armstrong," he said, "take cover in the lee of the wheelhouse, and ye'll no be forgetting the canary, I hope.

"Those German laddies will no be wasting one of their fine torpedoes on an auld trawler full o' fish, but they'll maybe try a shot or two at us. We'll gie them a run for their money!"

Then he pushed the engine-room telegraph over to full speed ahead! To the radio operator he shouted, "McGregor! Send oot a warning and a call for help."

Pheeeeeew! Crash! The first shell from the submarine sang across our bows, and turned a wave into a cascade of spray. MacVitie shook his fist at our enemy.

"Ye'll hae to do better than that," he roared, "if ye're to stop the *Daisy Lee*!"

The next moment he was in the wheelhouse, had brushed the helmsman aside, and was steering himself.

Under the guidance of his knotty fists, the old trawler seemed to take on a new life. She zigzagged like a swift.

Another shell, and another . . . both went wide. But the U-boat, still keeping to the surface, was gaining steadily.

Crouched under the wheelhouse, the canary hugged to my breast, I watched every detail of the chase. I won't say I wasn't frightened, but I was thrilled, too, in fact far more excited than fearful.

Then the radio operator pounded by, and climbed the ladder to MacVitie. I heard the skipper shout with laughter; the *Daisy Lee* heeled over and we were off on a new tack.

FOUR more shells, shrapnel this time, exploded over us, and metal spattered on the deck. No one was hurt.

Another shout from MacVitie. I caught the word "destroyer" and looked towards the skyline. There she was sure enough, racing towards us with what sailors' call "a bone in her teeth."

I looked back at the U-boat. It was submerging.

And then, suddenly, I felt a fluttering in the cage against my chest. The canary was preening itself. . . . It burst into song.

Four days later we reached port safely.

After saying my good-byes, I was carrying my case down the gangplank when MacVitie called me back.

"Mr. Armstrong," he said, "ye've no had a verra restful trip for your nerves, but I'm thinking it's one ye'll no forget in a hurry. Onyway, here's a souvenir to be taking home wi' ye. . . ."

And he handed me the canary.

I'm still wondering when it will sing again.

Pains in the Back

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Rheumatic Pains, Painful Joints, Urinary Disorders, Bladder Weakness, Disturbed Sleep point to Sluggish Kidneys

WHY STRUGGLE on with that crippling pain, when Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills could put you right? Doans Pills stop the self-poisoning caused by weak kidney action. They stimulate and cleanse these vital organs, helping them to rid the blood of the harmful impurities which make life a misery. Thousands of grateful users recommend Doans Pills for backache, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, getting up at nights, swollen ankles and limbs, lumbago and sciatica.

"Doans Pills put me right"

Mr. C. Bloomfield, 177, Convamore Road, Grimsby, says: "Pains in my back were so acute I had to lie up on occasions for weeks. The water was unnatural and caused a scalding pain when seeking relief. I had splitting headaches and dizzy bouts. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills was the medicine I needed. They soon put my kidneys right and rid me of pain. I feel I have only Doans Pills to thank for my freedom from backache, lumbago and urinary disorders.
(*Signed*) C. Bloomfield."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. *Ask your Chemist for*

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

Here's Your 10-Minute

Wits Test

IN each of the prize *Bullets* below, one of the winning words is incompletely printed—dots indicate number of missing letters.

As a ten-minute Wits Test, see if you can fill in that blank in each prize effort.

For your answers consult page 35, where you will see the actual completed *Bullet* which has brought a useful war time cheque to a JOHN BULL reader this week.

Remember—each of these prize efforts which you can successfully complete proves that *you* can build a prize *Bullet* for yourself.

War time Satire—"Crosses" On Traffic L . . . . s.

The Nazis—Bad E . . s *Better* "Broken."

Now The Kids Are Away—Home's B . . n, Not "Pig-sty."

Now—let's see your Odol Smile

Every smile in times of trouble is worth two in times of tranquillity—so let's see that Odol Smile of *yours*—now!

There's no smile like an Odol Smile because there are no teeth so pearly or so well protected as those which are cleaned regularly with this finest and smoothest of all good tooth-pastes.

So use *Odol*, and you'll soon be smiling the *winning* smile—the Odol Smile!

Get it at any chemist or stores 6d. and 1/- per tube.

Odol

If you prefer Solid Dentifrice, try Odol Dentifrice, 6d. a large size tin.

NEW!

Here's the toothbrush for the modern age—a Halex toothbrush in the hygienic 'Streamline' case of gleaming transparent plastic! Look out for this 'Streamline' case in your chemist's! It stands for cleanliness, for a toothbrush with scientifically sterilised bristles kept safe for you in an efficient modern way. This is the brush with the famous Halex bristles, the bristles that really are springy—and *stay* springy. It's the brush you need for Halexercise. It's the brush each member of your family should have to keep teeth bright and gums healthy. Go and see it at your chemist's to-day!

GET YOUR HALEX TOOTHBRUSH IN THIS BEAUTIFUL HYGIENIC CASE

The brush with the SPRINGY *bristles*

THREE SHAPES AT A 1/- *others from 6d. to 2/-*

for your HALEXERCISE

All in the 'Streamline' case

★ *During the war, prices subject to alteration without notice.*

HALEX LIMITED • HALE END • LONDON • E.4

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 5.

ASTHMA

Since 1869 Himrod's Asthma Cure has been recognized as a Standard Asthma Remedy throughout the world and after 70 years it continues its high reputation for providing relief to Asthmatics.

"The only relief I could get . . . If I had known it earlier". "DISRAELI, LORD BEACONSFIELD"

"This is an excellent remedy for asthma." SIR MORRELL MACKENZIE

"The best thing in my experience was HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE. It never failed." Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in his book, *"100 days in Europe."*

HIMROD'S CURE

NORMA KNIGHT ...continued

Baby Norma is brought back

Norma is at home brooding over baby Norma's disappearance.

When suddenly baby Norma toddles in.

But Humphrey sees the figure of a woman slinking away down the garden.

Humphrey chases the woman and catches her.

Hang on to beauty and don't let it go! Keep your complexion smooth and youthful with Knight's Castile, the creamy beauty soap that is so wonderful for preventing "Tired Skin."

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

Knight's Castile

4D PER TABLET U.K. ONLY

Who is the strange woman who had kidnapped Baby Norma? Read next instalment

KC 287-66-65

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

A. W. HELLIWELL *describes the most colourful crowd that ever watched a prize fight when he adds yet another dynamic chapter to his story of "Giants of the Ring"*

PUNCH *that* SHOOK *the* WORLD

Remembering his last encounter with Gentleman Jim Corbett, the Battling Blacksmith looked at the outstretched hand with a sneer

EASY to see why they called him "Gentleman Jim." The name fitted him as perfectly as the faultless evening clothes he wore with such grace.

Meeting him anywhere outside the ring, so handsome, so coolly self-assured, hearing his soft-spoken greeting, and seeing the charming smile that accompanied it, you would never have thought that he was a pugilist by trade.

Even now, draped in a rich silk robe, proudly acknowledging the wild thunder of applause that had greeted his appearance, he did not look the part.

Yet this was James Corbett, debonair "Gentleman Jim," the San Francisco bank clerk who had left his ledgers and high-legged stool to whip the great John L. Sullivan and become heavy-weight champion of the world.

He inclined his dark, sleekly brushed head first this way and then that like a king receiving homage. Then he walked slowly to the ropes and tested their tautness, flexing his rippling muscles and smiling as though it felt good to be alive on such a day.

Finally, he strolled casually across the ring to the opposite corner where the man he was to fight, Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons, the Battling Blacksmith, sat, staring vacantly at the floor, apparently lost in thought.

Corbett held out his right hand in a gesture of friendship.

"How are you, Bob?" he asked in his gentle, pleasant voice.

Not until then did Fitzsimmons stir. He raised his beady eyes from that silent contemplation of the canvas, and in his long and level stare there glowed the fires of bitter hatred.

"Fitz" recalled his last encounter with the champion on a dusty mountain road just outside Carson City two or three weeks before.

Out for an early morning spin, Bob and his sparring partners, all heavily muffled in sweaters, had spotted another group of running figures, similarly attired, jogging steadily down the road towards them.

In the centre, swinging along with his head held high, was the champion, and as the two groups drew abreast Fitz halted and strode forward with a broad and amiable grin on his freckled countenance.

"'Allo, Jim," he said. "'Ow yer feeling?"

Corbett pointedly ignored Bob's outstretched hand and jerked his head towards the skeleton of scaffolding across the fields, where the stadium in which they were to battle for the title was being rushed to completion.

"I'LL shake hands with you over there after I have licked you, Fitzsimmons," he said coldly.

Bob's face flushed angrily and his beady black eyes glittered ominously.

"Yer will, will yer?" he growled. "Then we won't never shake Mister Champion Corbett."

"Gentleman Jim," whose motive had been to make Fitzsimmons lose his temper, looked him up and down with a contemptuous smile.

"Surely you don't think you can win?"

Still scowling blackly, Fitzsimmons nodded.

"Yus I do," he retorted sharply. "What the 'ell d'yer think I'm training for?"

The champion laughed again.

"If you take my advice, Fitzsimmons," he said, "you'll bring your dog along with you."

Then he turned on his heel and moved away.

FITZSIMMONS was still brooding on this incident when Corbett crossed the ring to greet him.

He did not say a word. He simply looked down at the champion's hand and he sneered.

White and trembling with fury, Corbett dropped his hand to his side. It was one thing to be insulted on a deserted road with only a few sparring partners as witnesses, another to suffer the same humiliating experience in full view of twenty thousand spectators.

In the long, colourful history of the ring, there never has been a fight staged before a wilder crowd than that which thronged this arena on St. Patrick's Day, 1897.

Carson City was a ramshackle, log-built township that had been born in the gold rush.

Gold prospecters had bought their seats with nuggets or sacks of dust, and hard-riding cowhands, Wild West gunmen, Indians from the reservation, negro hoboes and eminent senators and assemblymen were all packed around the ring in which Corbett and Fitzsimmons faced each other under the hot afternoon sunshine.

They saw the champion walk to his corner with his temper frayed to breaking-point, but when he stepped out again at the sound of the gong he was completely master of his emotions and icily cool.

Poised like a dancer on his toes, big shoulders flowing into a slim waist, a faint smile hovering on his lips, Corbett led with his left, and the blow was as swift as a striking snake.

Wickedly it landed on his challenger's chin, and before he had time to counter, Corbett's right glove smacked hard and crisply into his lower ribs.

Grimly Fitz went after him, eager to bore in close and hammer some of the speed and confidence out of Corbett with his terrible fists, but he might as well have chased his own shadow.

He was too slow.

His legs would not take him round the ring fast enough to keep pace with the elusive champion.

SO round after round went by with "Gentleman Jim" fighting so coolly that not a single hair on his sleek head was disturbed, piling up points with the stabbing left hand.

Taller, heavier, and years younger than this bald-headed veteran of thirty-five, who floundered so helplessly after him, it was no wonder that Corbett was confident.

From the very beginning he had been so sure of himself that he had insisted on a "winner-take-all" contract, so that both the title and the whole of the £4,000 purse were to go to the victor.

By the end of the fifth round, Fitz looked already beaten. He was in a sorry plight, bleeding from half a dozen ugly gashes opened by Corbett's slashing blows, and the ringside gamblers were already beginning to bet on which round he would take the count.

A few minutes later, midway through the sixth, he took a vicious left hook flush on the chin and dropped to the canvas.

There he knelt on one knee, blood dripping from his battered face to the ring floor, carefully listening to the count and watching Corbett, who, still unmarked, stood with his back against the ropes.

Fitzsimmons rose at nine, and the champion, rushing eagerly in to land a finishing punch, discovered that he had under-estimated the fighting blacksmith's cunning.

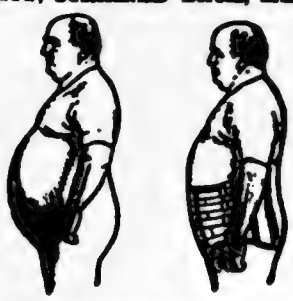
For "Ruby Robert" was not so distressed as he appeared. Kneeling there he had taken advantage of the rest to clear his throat of blood and marshal his scattered thoughts, and he climbed to his feet as strong as ever, gamely refusing to give ground before Corbett's impetuous attack.

Back in his corner there was an anxious conference at the end of that dramatic round. Fitzsimmons only remained unperturbed.

(*Continued on page 33*)

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it. Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for FREE Booklet and name of local Corsetiere.

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GIVES NEW LIFE

Restores Youthful VIGOUR

The Finest TONIC

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, AIRMEN and Civilians get extra STAMINA by taking PHILLIPS YEAST. It is a splendid NERVE and GENERAL TONIC and by ensuring perfect assimilation of food, it quickly restores HEALTH and VITALITY to all . . . PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast contains *No Drug* and is the finest Tonic and remedy

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STOP THAT COUGH

Let YADIL bring you speedy relief and protect you from germs which may infect your throat and lungs. YADIL is a combined treatment, for it is an internal ANTISEPTIC, takes the ordinary medicine, and cleans the entire bodily system. Read how others have benefited—send to-day for the free "YADIL HEALTH BOOK."

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RHEUMATISM Ended for Thousands!

Nature's Salts of the Earth give you a Spa 'Cure' at Home

The leisured few can take the waters of famous Spas and let Nature's minerals rinse away acid waste and unwanted fat. But thousands are now enjoying this great boon in their own homes.

Sodium, Potassium and Lithium are the most potent of the Earth's healing elements and these are combined for you in your morning spoonful of Fynnon Salt.

'Old Contemptible' had spells of MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM

"Since leaving the Army after the Great War, I have had frequent spells of muscular rheumatism and lumbago. I tried various treatments but received very little benefit. An old Navy man advised me to try Fynnon Salt. I felt a bit sceptical, but after taking it for about 3 months I felt better than I have done for many years."—*Mr. Baker of Hayes.*

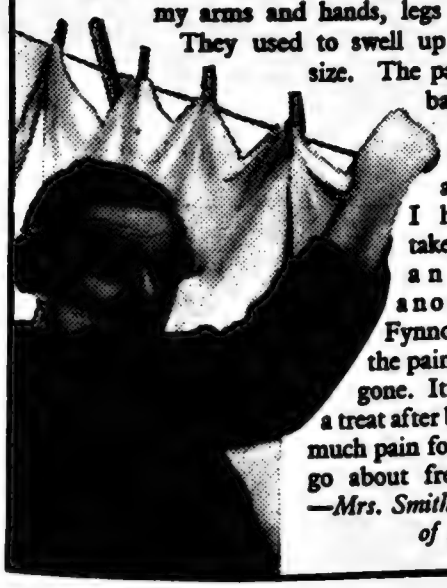
Fit as a Fiddle on FYNNON

Brilliant chemists have analysed the water of some of the curative springs and combined their most potent elements in Fynnon Salt. This means that from your own tap, you can now get the medicinal benefit of Spa water for *your* Rheumatism.

Guarantee *We guarantee that the testimonials we publish are genuine and unsolicited and that the photographs are also genuine.*

FYNNON EVERY MORNING! Stir a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt into a tumblerful of cold or warm water, drink it before breakfast every day—and what happens? The "salts of the earth" attack the acid waste in your blood, dissolving the pain-making crystals and rinsing the poisons clean out of your system. Rheumatic swellings subside, sudden stabs of Sciatica disappear, and creaking joints move freely and easily once again. This is happening everywhere to-day, and Fynnon Salt is the reason.

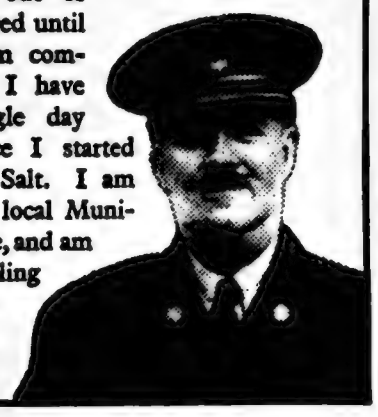
Housewife could HARDLY WALK



"I had rheumatism and neuritis very badly in my arms and hands, legs and feet. They used to swell up an awful size. The pain was so bad I could hardly walk about, but I have only taken one tin and half another of Fynnon Salt and the pain has quite gone. It does seem a treat after being in so much pain for years to go about free again."—*Mrs. Smith of Petersfield.*

Municipal Officer OFF WORK FOR 16 WEEKS

"I have suffered for years with bad attacks of Rheumatism. Last year I had to stop away from work for 16 weeks. I tried everything with no effect until I read one of your adverts. and gave Fynnon Salt a trial. After a week I was almost out of pain. I persevered until I feel that I am completely cured. I have not had a single day from work since I started taking Fynnon Salt. I am engaged on the local Municipal Golf Course, and am constantly patrolling in wet grass."—*Mr. Williams of Southend.*



FITNESS EVERY DAY! A tumblerful of water with Fynnon Salt has Nature's power not only to rid you of rheumatic pain, but also to make you positively fit. Fynnon Salt stimulates liver and kidneys, thus purifying the blood and helping to get rid of superfluous fat and all clogging waste matter. All Chemists have large tins at 1/3.

FYNNON LTD.
BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

Win 25! WEEKLY for LIFE £300

£175 IN CASH & XMAS FEASTS

CASH PRIZES, ACCOMPANIED BY XMAS HAMPERS, TURKEYS OR FOWLS, WILL BE RECEIVED BY 1st RUNNERS-UP, TOTAL VALUE, £175

"JOHN BULL'S XMAS PRIZES INCREASED AGAIN!

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

FIRST WAR TIME PENSIONER!

HERE'S smiling Mrs. G. K. Bruty, 13, The Brent, Dartford, Kent. No wonder she's happy—by winning our 174th Contest outright she's just become *John Bull's* 41st Life Pensioner!

Tackle this week's Clues with determination and *you* may well become the 42nd competitor to capture a Crossword Life Pension; make sure you post your entry for this fine Pension, Cash and Christmas Prize Offer by not later than Saturday, November 25.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 178th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, December 7. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

£200 Plus Xmas Hamper, Turkey and Cake, FREE!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. *Bullets* coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for this week's fine offer of Cash and Christmas Fare, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 35.

ACROSS CLUES

1. These may be the kind giving players good opportunity to show their merit
3. Perform in a play
6. Seaside village fishermen often keep some of their gear in
9. Big one on river is liable to be costly
10. May make it rather difficult to keep cool at times
12. One for mask must be made in a particular shape
14. Frame on which painters support their pictures
16. Watch will probably be kept on one held by authorities
17. China may suffer badly through impact with
18. Isn't likely to cost very much at the seaside
19. When circus one is doing his tricks, spectators are sometimes much amused

DOWN CLUES

1. Children love to help decorate Christmas one
2. One may well want this for a kind of trap
3. Demand
4. If novice isn't smart he will find it difficult to dodge one in ring
5. The noise they make is often apt to be irritating
7. This for blacking-out windows and lights may indeed prove costly
8. When farmers take stroll nowadays, they often see pylons in this
10. It would be considered poor fight if all-in wrestler did not even get this
11. Small one often has counter
12. Teacher at school takes this in lessons
13. May be the kind which grows readily in marshy places or near rivers
15. Making this for ornamental purposes calls for special care

2 BIG CHEQUES WON IN X-WORD No. 175.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 175, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following two competitors:—

Mrs. A. S. BUCKLEY, 832, Huddersfield Road, Waterhead, Oldham, Lancs.

Miss G. GARR, 1, Skipper Street, Belfast.

These competitors share the First Prize of £250, and a cheque for £125 will be sent to each.

The Award of £100 in Cash and Christmas Fayre to Runners-up has been divided between 42 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive Cash and Christmas Fayre to the value of £2 7s. 9d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 371 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING SQUARE

S	N	A	C	K	C	R	A	S	H					
C	R	O	S	S	O	L	A							
A	T	S	I	G	H	T	C	R	O	P				
R	E	D	T	A	S	K	V	P						
F	A	R	W	I	G	H	T	D	A	Y				
S	K	I	P	L	E	A	T	K	E					
S	S	E	S	F	E	S	T	I	S					
A	D	I	T	S	S	L	Y	F	O					
W	A	G	E	P	A	F	R	O						
E	T	H	A	N	E	M	O	T						
F	A	T	S	A	L	E	W							

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

WINNERS' WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. SNACK. 2. CRASH. 4. MOSS. 7. CROP. 8. TASK. 9. DAY. 10. PLEAT. 17. WAGE. 18. FAT. 21. SALE.
DOWN.—1. SCARF. 3. ROCK. 5. STAGE. 6. TEAK. 8. TILES. 11. ASS. 12. SAW. 13. SHOT. 14. BOOT. 15. TEA. 16. LANE. 18. FEA. 19. ROW.

X-WORD AID POST FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 178, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 178, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Note NEW Closing Postmark—SAT., Nov. 25

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, November 25, 1939.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to sixteen (entry-fee 4/-).

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, December 7. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £300 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 178. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

1T	R	I		2S	■	5	C	T	■	4				
R	A	P	■	■		S	T	E	5L	A				
■	■	6S	■	A	7CK	■	L	A	B					
E	8L	Y	■	R	R	■	9	A	M	■				
■	■	■	10H	E	A	■	■	■	■	■				
11S	N	■	■	■	■	■	12C	A	S	■				
H	E	S	T	■	E	L	L	S	■	■				
■	■	L	■	13	■	14E	■	S	E	15L				
P	I	E	■	E	A	T	S	■	H	A				
■	16R	E	■	E	L	■	S	T	■	■				
17	A	P	■	18D	A	■	■	19A	■	E				

IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

1T	R	I		2S	■	5	C	T	■	4				
R	A	P	■	■		S	T	E	5L	A				
■	■	6S	■	A	7CK	■	L	A	B					
E	8L	Y	■	R	R	■	9	A	M	■				
■	■	■	10H	E	A	■	■	■	■	■				
11S	N	■	■	■	■	■	12C	A	S	■				
H	E	S	T	■	E	L	L	S	■	■				
■	■	L	■	13	■	14E	■	S	E	15L				
P	I	E	■	E	A	T	S	■	H	A				
■	16R	E	■	E	L	■	S	T	■	■				
17	A	P	■	18D	A	■	■	19A	■	E				

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions and stick 1½d. stamps below at the rate of 2d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below).

ADD NAME & ADDRESS TO BOTH COUPON AND LABEL

Name.....

Address.....

P.O. Value..... No.....

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

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.....

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE.)

CONTINUING—

"Gold-Rush" Knock-out

As he shuffled out again to meet Corbett, the sudden shrill sound of a woman's voice rose above the excited clamour of the crowd.

It was Fitz's wife, Rose, who with flushed face, blonde hair in disarray and hat awry, had forced her way to the ringside to shout advice to her husband.

She had watched Bob's frantic and futile attempts to batter "Gentleman Jim's" mocking smile from his lips, and she knew that he was making a mistake.

Now, leaning against the ring, she shrilly appealed to him.

"Hit him in the slats, darling," she screamed. "Don't fight at his head. Hit him in the slats!"

Swiftly Fitz saw the wisdom of that advice, and as he went in he swung his left and then his right savagely at the champion's ribs.

Drawing upon the amazing reserves of strength and stamina in that lanky, top-heavy body, and roused to a fighting frenzy by Rosie's falsetto encouragement, Fitz went after him like a tiger.

"Kill him, Bob," she screamed.

From then on Fitzsimmons slowly mastered the champion, gradually wearing him down with those paralysing body punches until by the end of the twelfth round Corbett was almost at the end of his tether.

Fitz, leaning back in his corner, eyed him thoughtfully, and then whispered urgently behind his glove to one of his seconds.

"'Ave yer got any money?" he asked. "Then bet it all on the next round. I'm going ter knock 'im out."

His first punch, a short left hook, knocked one of Corbett's gold teeth clean from his mouth, and the ringsiders who bent to grope for this souvenir of the historic fight must have regretted it for many a day.

For they missed the astonishing punch that ended the bout and set the whole of the sporting world talking.

Side-stepping to avoid Corbett's wild rush, Fitz drove his left glove clean into the champion's tortured stomach muscles.

The blow travelled a bare six inches, but as it connected "Gentleman Jim" threw up his hands with a groan of agony and as he swayed Bob clipped his right to the chin.

Not that another punch was necessary, for Fitzsimmons won the title the moment he buried that wicked left in Corbett's midriff.

A doctor at the ringside afterwards told the sports writers that it had been delivered to the "Solar plexus," and it was because of this description that the blow became world famous.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Nord Express?

IT is a pity that we shall not have an ante-post market on the Manchester November Handicap, for there is no question that preliminary club wagering serves to stimulate interest in big events, and often provides valuable pointers for those who can "read between the lines" of the reports given in the sporting Press.

The 55 entries for the Manchester race are a peculiarly assorted company. I am of the opinion, however, that the winner will come from the group of useful three-year-olds comprising Nord Express, Fairfax, Rossinver, Tutor, Ortiz, Bold Devil, Good Cast and Tramail.

Present inclination is towards Nord Express and Bold Devil and, in all probability, I shall be advocating one of this pair in the Code.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 16, to Wednesday, November 22.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U 97 L H J I 96 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: W93PK89398 would read PIGSKIN.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. JZ942R94 would read CLEEVE.

The DAILY SHINE with

TONETTE

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

keeps brown shoes smart, comfortable & waterproof

Tins 1½d., 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

CB/NZ/3

2D STOPS PAIN!

RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA, LUMBAGO
HEADACHES
NIGHT-DUTY CHILLS
AND COLDS

Beechams Powders are the world's best health bargain! They cost only 2d each but there's nothing like them for putting an end to pain! Their special powder form enables them to act more quickly and surely. Are You Headachy? Rheumatic? — in the throes of Neuralgia or Sciatica? Then let 2d be your stepping stone to quick and glorious relief! Get *Beechams Powders* NOW!

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3—Single Powders 2d each. Sold Everywhere. Not Laxative. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS

BRAND

Distressing PILES

Ended By Famous Ointment.

ESCAPE the torment of piles by using Zam-Buk. This world-famed herbal ointment is renowned for soothing and healing. It reduces pain, swelling and inflammation, checks the bleeding and causes the protrusions gradually to disappear. Don't suffer a day longer—get a box of Zam-Buk and use according to the printed directions.

"I contracted piles through working in all weathers. The pain became so severe I could only get about in great discomfort. But Zam-Buk gave me immediate relief and as I continued with this grand treatment the piles gradually disappeared until I was free from them."—Mr. J. H. P., London.

Zam-Buk Brand

Healing Soothing Antiseptic

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep. Price for Suppositories & Ointment, 1/3 per box.

FOR INWARD PILES

RHEUMATISM & BACKACHE Gone in 1 Week

Flush Kidneys with Cystex and you'll feel fine

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—ends all troubles due to faulty kidney action in double quick time, so, if you suffer from **Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, Burning, Smarting Passages,** or have frequently to **Get up Nights** go to your chemist to-day for Cystex and be fit and well next week.

CYSTEX HELPS NATURE 3 WAYS

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles:—

(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
(2) Gets rid of health destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
(3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

9 weeks in Hospital—now well

"I have suffered for five years with Kidney and Bladder trouble, also Rheumatic pains and Stiff Joints. I was not able to raise my arms and spent nine weeks in hospital. They said I would not be able to work, but after Cystex I feel years younger, well and strong."—(Sgd.) J. A. F.

Health Improved in 2 Days

"I had not felt really well for ages and suffered continually from backaches and headaches. I had tried almost everything but could not get lasting relief. Finally, I decided to give Cystex a trial, and wish I had tried it long ago and saved myself much pain and expense. It has improved my health more in two or three days than other things have done for months."—Mrs. B.

GUARANTEED TO PUT YOU RIGHT OR MONEY BACK

Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package to the address below. Act now! From Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and all Chemists, price 1/3, 3/- and 6/-. This guarantee protects you.

Cystex The GUARANTEED Remedy for KIDNEYS BLADDER RHEUMATISM

Knox Laboratories Ltd., 81 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1

RELIEF if you suffer SKIN TORTURE

Are you tortured and disfigured by skin trouble? Cuticura Ointment will quickly relieve you. A touch of Cuticura Ointment arrests the tormenting itch of Eczema instantly and often a 1/3 tin is sufficient to commence the healing process. Applied to burns and scalds, Cuticura cools and soothes the fiery pain with magical effect. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples and rashes vanish after one or two applications. Cuticura safeguards against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, festerings and gatherings, all yield to the soothing, antiseptic powers of this world-famed healer. Buy a tin and get relief today!

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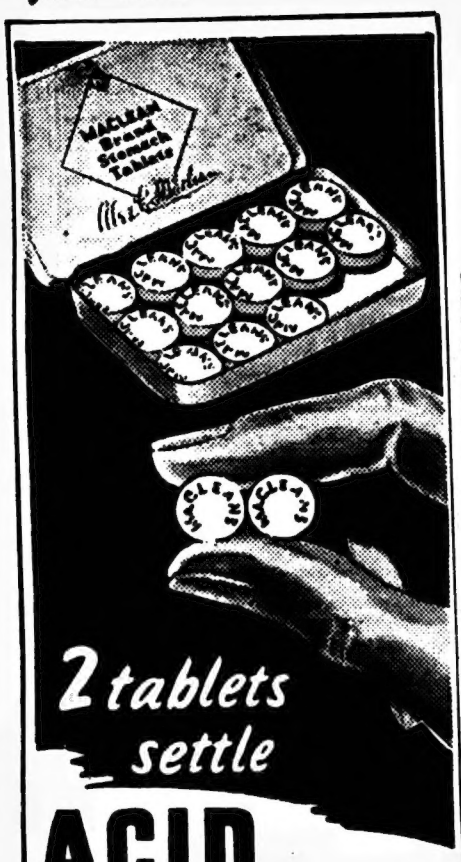
Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT



ACID STOMACH

When your stomach feels heavy and sour through excessive acidity, take one or two Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets.

It is surprising how quickly they normalise stomach acid—reduce the "blown-out" feeling of flatulence and put an end to stomach pain.

You can never be caught unawares by sudden Indigestion if you carry a tin of these tablets in your bag or vest pocket.

Handy Pocket Tin (15 *tablets*) — 6D
Economy Pocket Tin (25 *tablets*) — 9D
Slide-top Tin (50 *tablets*) — — 1/3

LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE ON THE TIN

Alex. C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets

★ **A FREE BOOK for MOTHERS!**

Send at once for a Copy!

EVERY mother ought to have a copy of "BABY," a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood, healthy babyhood. Just send a post card with your name and address clearly written on it, to Nestle's Milk Products, Ltd. (I.F.316), 6A, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3, and a Free copy will be posted to you.

LEG TROUBLE

A Free Offer

★ A generous sample of 'Elasto,' a remedy for all leg troubles and kindred ailments, is offered on page 3. With the sample will be sent a Free Booklet explaining all about the Elasto treatment. See p. 3.

For BARGAINS See JOHN BULL'S "SHOP WINDOW" on Page 4.

The Last Laugh

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SPORTING POST:—"Alleged to have attacked his SIX-year-old mother with his fists. . . ."

NORTH-EASTERN GAZETTE:—"In the region of the Warndt enemy PATRONS have been repulsed."

CREWE CHRONICLE:—". . . in a similar manner for not having red LAMBS on their cycles."

SOUTH LONDON PRESS:—"Sugar is an essential article of food, playing a very important part in the diet of the POOR. . . ."

EXPLORER (London, W.).—"I took a case of whisky as an antidote to snakebite on my last expedition, but it was no use." There were no snakes?

W. F. (Newcastle).—"I didn't turn a hair when I heard the siren giving the air raid warning." Bald?

ROSE (Ealing).—"A finer fellow than my boy friend I have yet to meet." And the sooner the better, eh?

R. E. (Leek).—"Telling lies is not one of my failings." Perhaps it's one of your successes?

S. N. (Bognor).—"Instead of leaflets, I suggest that we drop bad eggs over Germany." But they have plenty of bad eggs.

C. D. (Chelsea).—"I spent nine months writing a drama, and now I can't get anyone to produce it." All work and no play, as it were.

★ R. D. (Shipley).—"What do you think I did when I slipped into the local public-house and saw my wife there?" Slipped out again?

W. R. (Taunton).—"War time conditions have brought the back garden hen into its own." But not always into its own back garden.

K. B. (Islington).—"In the bar he takes the notice about careless conversation being of use to the enemy so seriously that he won't open his mouth." Then how on earth does he drink?

A. P. (East Coast).—"The local fire-brigade drew water from the sea to put out a grass fire." This will doubtless lead to a Nazi propaganda station declaring that drinking water has been strictly rationed in this country.

MISS K. (Newton).—"There isn't any room nowadays for a high-class soprano singer." What, not even an empty one?

M. M. (Hounslow).—"Do you think the eyes are the index to the mind?" Not at all. We know a lot of women with bright eyes.

J. J. (Derby).—"My girl dresses very modestly, I'm pleased to say." Some girls will do anything, apparently, to attract attention.

F. D. (King's Lynn).—"For two pins, JOHN BULL, I wouldn't write to you again." We have sent you two pins under separate cover.

The Kid by Lees

SPORT (Bath).—"I go out every night but my wife never misses me. Do you know why?" Because she can throw straight?

★ AUTHOR (Bloomsbury).—"I am writing a war novel, but I do not intend to publish it." There ought to be more war novels like that.

D. L. (Penge).—"The other night I was out on my air warden duty when a storm came on, so I took shelter in a ramshackle hut." Until it blew over?

P. R. (West Ham).—"What is the shortest perceptible unit of time?" That between the change of the traffic lights and the honk of the motorist behind you.

MAID (Nelson).—"Last week my mistress told me she suspected her husband was in love with his typist." Perhaps it was only to make you jealous.

G. B. (Clapham).—"When I addressed what was perhaps an injudicious question to a Whitehall civil servant, his mind seemed to become a blank." What was it like before?

E. L. (Sandgate).—"Imports into Germany from neutral countries include skins." There is presumably a scarcity, although the Nazi leaders will doubtless endeavour to save their own.

F. M. (Swanage).—"Business goes on, I'm glad to say." Though it is rumoured that the military authorities turned a deaf ear to a firm who wanted a quotation for advertising space on the barrage balloons.

S. C. (Tadcaster).—"May we expect an invasion of German soldiers by parachute?" We doubt if they will ever drop in on us like that.

PRIVATE G. (Catterick).—"Would you advise me to put anything inside my socks before going on a long route march?" Yes—your feet.

R. H. (Warwick).—"Do you think I should get enough wallpaper to do a fairly large room for a couple of pounds?" That should just about cover it.

W. L. (Kingston-on-Thames).—"Hitler's steel chest-protector probably keeps out the cold." He needs something warmer for his feet.

MRS. M. (Southwick).—"During our quarrel I reminded my husband that I had given him the best years of my life." Yes, but who made them the best years?

F. F. (Wraysbury).—"The girls of to-day are terribly lazy, in my opinion." Yes, and they've reached the stage when they won't even exercise discretion.

★ N. P. (Paddington).—"He called me a Nazi, so I gave him one quick punch on the chin and knocked him out." You certainly know something about *blitzkrieg*.

A. W. (Preston).—"To every train accident there are hundreds of motor accidents." Well, the engine driver doesn't drive with his arm round the fireman's waist.

MRS. J. L. (Dover).—"I suppose it's only human nature to blow one's own trumpet, but there's something about him that gets me down." He blows his out of tune?

P. N. (Hendon).—"During the last war a pack of cards in his tunic pocket stopped a bullet, but he was always grumbling." Well, after all, the cards were probably ruined.

● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

DREAM COTTAGE

A MILLION cottages in this country were razed to the ground at eleven o'clock on the morning of September 3, 1939, ruined by Hitler as completely as he shattered the villages of Poland.

Each of them was a cosy haven of contentment where a man and a woman could settle down happily to the quiet life.

"It's like this, Sir. He's been telling everybody how he won ten bob for a Bullet about Army mules—and ours got to hear about it!"

Dream cottages, where are they to-day?

Further from reality than ever, except for such enterprising readers as Mrs. G. K. Bruty, 13, The Brent, Dartford, Kent.

They have been plodding on along the Crossword Highway firmly believing it would lead them to their rural haven. Mrs. Bruty saw her goal around the bend of that road last week. A telegram announced that our 174th Crossword would make dreams come true. She had won a 20s. Weekly Life Pension. . . .

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

You may envy Mrs. Bruty?

But have *you* the enterprise that brought to such competitors as her the comforting security provided by a Life Pension or a cheque from JOHN BULL?

Have *you* ever sat down to the Crossword page and carefully worked out the Clues? Have *you* ever settled down with the *Examples* for *Bullets*, determined not to let other readers beat you to the prize list?

Along Competition Road there may be *your* Dream Cottage.

It's up to you to get there. Pages 32 and 35 are rich with Pension, Cash and Christmas Prizes to be won. Start now!

HOW TO WIN

IN good time for Christmas Day, JOHN BULL will despatch to 150 entrants in this week's seasonable *Bullets* Offer a fine Hamper, Turkey, Fowl or Cake of the famous Long Acre quality.

Useful cheques for Christmas spending will go to the chief winners in this contest, as soon as the result is published—and one of your *Bullets* may well be the £200 effort at the top of the prize-list.

To make a *Bullet*, simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

For instance, working on the *Example*, TOMMY WANTS, a Liverpool entrant added the words BRIGHTER "BLIGHTY," YOU BLIGHTERS! For that simple but timely *Bullet* the sender won a substantial cheque.

Read carefully through the leading *Bullets* in our 1,193rd result, published below; you will have to admit that any of them might just as well have come from *your* pen, so get busy now with this week's *Examples* and see that your entry is posted on or before Saturday, November 25.

'BULLETS' 1,193 RESULT

First Prize, £200 plus Turkey:

D. CLARK, 20, Cleveland Street, Glasgow.
Example: BRITAIN AND FRANCE
Bullet: ARE NOT "LYING BACK."

SECOND PRIZE, £20 plus Turkey:

S. H. BOOR, 42, Whinfield, Adel, Leeds.
Example: Now The Kids Are Away
Bullet: Home's "Barn," Not "Pig-sty"!

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Turkey:

S. O. MERVILLE, 1a, Wembley Road, Allerton, Liverpool.
Example: For The Duration
Bullet: Smile—And Shorten It!

FOURTH PRIZE, £5 plus Turkey:

Miss E. TAYLOR, 35, Caroline Place, Hull.
Example: Full Of Showmanship
Bullet: But Fearing "Drama," Hitler.

2 PRIZES OF £3 each plus Turkey:

Mrs. R. LENNOX, Hedingham, Scratton Road, Stanford-le-Hope.
War-time Satire—"Crosses" On Traffic Lights!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

E. WILLIAMS, c/o Newington, Bowdon, Cheshire.
Full Of Rheumatism—But Grandad's Just "Aching—"

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. each plus Turkey:

E. BRAUND, 46, Tweedale Street, Rochdale.
Full Of Fight—Boss—Won't "Drop Hands."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

A. BRITTON, 1, Chapel Cottages, Ramsden Heath, Billericay.
Britain And France—Power's "Fabulous"—Lies, Unnecessary.

W. FLETCHER, 127, Pleasant Avenue, Gt. Houghton, Barnsley.
The Nazis—"Bad Eggs" *Better* "Broken."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

T. GORTON, 193, Bolton Road, Walkden, Manchester.
Before The War—Bluffing Counted—Now, "Stuffing."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. M. LEE, 76, Garners Lane, Stockport.
Now The Kids Are Away—My Needles Almost Needless.

W. H. G. RILEY, Foxton, Market Harborough.
When Someone Proposed—To Auntie, *Cupid* Swooned!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. D. SYKES, 36, West Lane, Baildon, Shipley.
Full Of Cheek—Evacuees—Fuller Cheeks, Too.

Mrs. D. TAYLOR, "Highgate," New Road, Armitage, Rugeley.
Now The Kids Are Away—I Curse *Hitler's* "Mischief."

L. F. TORR, 17, Ferndale Road, Gravesend.
Like A Frightened Rabbit—Since Evacuees' Arrival, Bull!

G. M. YATES, 33, Cotham Vale, Bristol.
Britain And France—Roses—Lilies—Nazi's "Wreath."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

List of 50 winners of Xmas Turkeys and 100 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

ENTER on these NEW STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,197 — Closing postmark, SAT., NOV. 25.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP
For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

DEMOCRACY'S SWORD
WITH THE EMPIRE'S HELP
FOR CHRISTMAS
WORRYING FRITZ
VEIL OF SECRECY
LEADING THE WAY
STAINED WITH BLOOD
TOMMY THINKS
DAD BOUGHT A HEN AND
SHOW'S HE'S RATTLED
SACK THE BUREAUCRATS AND
IT'S A FUNNY THING BUT
WHY WE CAN'T LOSE
AUNTIE'S ECONOMISING, SO
FRIEND OR FOE
IN MOTHER'S CUPBOARD
CHAMPION LIAR
LETTER FROM HOME
THE ALLIES
TO FREE THE WORLD

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" on which to build your "Bullets" as instructed.

GOERING'S .....
ASKING FOR .....
KING AND .....
BEFORE ..... STARTED
MADE ..... ANGRY
SHORTAGE OF .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,197 — Closing postmark SAT., NOV. 25

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP
For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,197, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,197, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, NOV. 25

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 32, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

Keep Smiling On "The Home Front"

Keep fit and enjoy radiant health this Winter with the aid of Bile Beans. Bile Beans tone up the system, purify the blood and daily remove all food residue. Thus Bile Beans improve your health, your figure and complexion.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Nightly

Bile Beans

BRAND PILLS

KEEP UP YOUR HEALTH & SPIRITS

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